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LECTURE,

BY PROFESSOR FISHER.

INTRODUCTORY TO A COURSE OF POPULAR LECTURES,

BY THE MARYLAND ACADEMY OF SCIENCE AND LITERATURE.

November 5th, 1838.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

THROUGH the flattering partiality of my colleagues of the Maryland Academy of Science and Literature, it has become my duty to appear before you, as their organ, on this occasion, for the purpose of inviting your attention to the objects which they have in view in proposing this course of popular lectures on scientific subjects, and of exhibiting the claims which they believe such a course can present for your encouragement and support; and although far abler exponents of their views, and far abler advocates of their claims might have been selected from our ranks, whose remarks could not have failed to convince your judgments and enlist your sympathies, their choice may be regarded as an irresistible evidence of the confidence which they entertain in their claims to your patronage, since they are willing to entrust their appeal to one so little accustomed to address the judgments or excite the feelings of such an assemblage as now graces this hall.

The institution, as whose representative I now have the honor to address you, has long been impressed with the importance of creating and cultivating a taste for scientific pursuits in this community; and as one means of accomplishing

so desirable an object, has, after mature deliberation, ventured to propose the course of popular lectures which you have already been apprised, is designed to be delivered during the present season. For nearly twenty years have its members been zealously engaged in the different branches of natural science, ardently striving to qualify themselves for the diffusion of knowledge of this elevated character, among their fellow citizens, and industriously laboring by their own efforts, assisted by the aid which they might receive from those whose interest in the undertaking might prompt a co-operation, to form a collection of specimens in Natural History, which, while serving to illustrate the truths of the sciences cultivated, might also serve as a nucleus around which all those having similar pursuits and tastes with themselves, might rally and unite. Their early efforts were attended with difficulties and obstacles, almost insurmountable. Animated, however, with feelings of the purest philanthropy, and encouraged in their efforts by the sympathy which assisted and sustained them, they persevered in their exertions, and finally found their institution prospering and their collection increasing, until it became an object of interest to the student and naturalist. From an obscure and indistinct dawn, they had the gratification of beholding the glorious high noon of their meridian existence; a prospect most bright and cheering to those who had aided in its accomplishment, but a condition too flattering alas for those who gazed on its brilliancy. By the accidental destruction of the Athenæum buildings by fire, the collection which had required so many years of industry and exertion for its creation, and the library of rare and valuable volumes, were converted into a heap of mouldering ashes. Few specimens and books survived this devastating fire, which, as must be fresh in your memories, kindled with a celerity almost unparalleled, and wrapped with an energy rarely witnessed, one of the largest buildings of our city, in an absorbing and devouring flame. What little space was afforded for intrepidity and exertion, was industriously devoted to the preservation of the cabinet and library, but with, for us unfortunately, scarcely a favorable result. But two or three specimens from the museum were preserved, of all the valuable and extensive collection; and of the books, barely enough was saved to form the germ of a future library.

So complete a destruction of all its property, had naturally a tendency to paralyze for a time the energies of the academy, and to dishearten the most zealous of its members. Many of the specimens destroyed were unique in their character, and could not be replaced; while the consideration could not but

forcibly impress itself, that those who had heretofore generously contributed to the amassing of the collection, had exhausted their stores, and could scarcely be expected again to contribute. With commendable prudence, the academy had at an early period effected an insurance on its property, the product of which in some measure mitigated the loss, and provided to a limited extent the means of reorganization, whenever that should be deemed prudent and practicable. For a period however, their loss was deemed so irretrievable, that no effort was made towards resuscitation. The mouldering ashes of their museum appeared to have entirely smothered and extinguished the flame, which had animated their zeal and illuminated their progress. Their enthusiasm was checked, and the erect devotees at the altar of science, appeared to have fallen prostrate around their shrine. Their offerings had indeed been destroyed, but the Deity whom they cultivated still survived, and, amid the destruction of his temple, triumphed over the desolation and ruin.

His essence was still radiant as before, and falling with a heightened effulgence, increased in its efficiency by the removal of the mist by which it had been partially interrupted, it reached the hearts of his prostrate worshippers, rekindled the extinguished fane in their bosoms, and the animating and re-illuminated flame again beamed upon those who had deemed it forever extinguished.

Warmed and inspirited by this restoration of their former stimulus to exertion, active measures were adopted for the reorganization of their little community, and appeals to the liberality of their co-laborers in other places were at once made. Commencing with but limited resources, destitute of even the shadow of a cabinet, and possessed of but the few volumes which were rescued from the flames; but animated with a determined spirit, with the confidence of success that desert always inspires, the Maryland Academy of Science and Literature has again reared itself, with honor to its founders, and advantage to those who have had an opportunity to enjoy a connexion with it. Its appeals to the scientific of other communities were not made in vain. The energies of its members were not expended without reward, and this community was not exposed to the ignominious reproach of being destitute of a retreat for the philosopher, an asylum for the student. An accession of new members, upon the reorganization of the institution, flocked to the co-operation of the older associates, and volunteers in the cause of science, for its cultivation and diffusion, enrolled themselves with enthusiasm under our standard. With this accession of laborers the reorganization progressed rapidly and effectively. Addi-

tional means and a wider extent of interest were called into play, and the contribution of several valuable original essays to its archives, enabled the academy about a twelvemonth since, to extend its first effort at sustaining that reputation for scientific attainment of which our community is so well deserving.

This first attempt at the publication of a journal, was liberally sustained by many of our fellow citizens, and the academy is desirous of farther extending its usefulness, in the same manner whenever the collection of essays shall enable it to make public these valuable acquisitions to its means. The publication of such a journal from such a source, is likely to be attended with decided advantage to our common interests, as well as to enhance our civic pride and reputation. It is the channel by which various important communications respecting the soil, climate, and resources of the state may be made known; by which the deserts of Maryland, to be regarded as inviting the attention of those who are disposed to relinquish the homes of their fathers, in the more thickly settled communities of our country, and to seek amid the hospitable inhabitants of our own state those agricultural resources which Providence has denied them at home, may be extensively disseminated. This journal serves to direct the attention of the learned of other nations to our natural history, and of the foreign capitalist to the mineral treasures which lie buried beneath the surface of our soil; and thus by promulgating our internal capacities, to induce the introduction of means which may reward the industry employed for its extrication; enriching the employer, while a general improvement of the condition of the employed is secured.

As a medium of paying the deserved tribute of respect to those of our fellow-members, who, while employed in the cultivation of science, have been taken from us;—upon whom, while engaged in active co-operation with ourselves, the hand of the fell destroyer has been heavily laid, and of whose valuable services as benefactors of their race, society and our institution have been deprived, our journal promises to be most useful and instructive. Already have we had occasion to lament the loss of esteemed coadjutors, and to testify our regret for the sudden arrest of a bright career just dawning into usefulness and distinction; have we been compelled to mingle our griefs and sympathies with the cherished friends, whose affections have been lacerated and dearest ties rent asunder. Among those whose loss we have thus had occasion to mourn, was one whose bright example is deemed particularly worthy of mention; and I trust you will unite with me in a passing

tribute to the memory of Harper, who, an early victim to the blighting effect of pulmonary disease, perished on a foreign soil, at the period when the prime of manhood had just been attained—whose early career had distinguished him, as possessed of a highly cultivated mind, united with natural talents far above the common order, and whose devotion to science, and anxiety for its successful cultivation, was manifested by a noble tribute to the means of our academy for improving her museum. His legacy of a valuable collection of minerals, together with his scientific books and instruments, have added most materially to the usefulness and beauty of our cabinet; and his dying testimony of interest and esteem for our institution, have indelibly impressed on our affections a value of his services and example, which time can never efface. Would that his conduct might be universally known and appreciated, and stimulate others to follow his path to fame!

At this period of the history of the Academy it becomes me to state, that we are possessed of a library, almost equal in extent, and probably exceeding in value, that which was destroyed; containing many rare and peculiar books of reference, upon all the natural sciences, and affording us the means of prosecuting our researches, with certainty and facility. Our museum, commenced and improved by the contributions of our members, and other generous friends of science at home and abroad, enhanced in extent and value by the Harper Legacy, now contains several thousand specimens of all the branches of natural history. The number of our members is considerably increased; and we enrol among our honorary and corresponding associates, many of the most distinguished savans of the eastern and western continent.

Possessing these advantages, and actuated solely by a desire to disseminate, throughout our community, such a knowledge of our objects and pursuits, as shall invite a participation in them, and invoke a taste for science generally, we have now come before the public to solicit their support to our scheme. Having no mercenary ends in view, no desire for pecuniary emolument, we merely ask attention to what we shall lay before you—pledging our best efforts to entertain and instruct, so far as our abilities may enable us. Lectures of a similar character have, in other communities, been most successfully undertaken; and we cannot believe that, in our own community, such a project should fail for want of interest in the ends which it has in view. We will not believe it; and have, therefore, incurred the responsibilities necessary for its prosecution, with the determination,

that our course shall go on; that we will no longer, with apparent selfishness, confine our treasures to our own private periodical sessions, but that we will throw open our resources for the use and benefit of our fellow citizens and invite them to partake liberally with us of the intellectual banquet, upon which we have so long feasted in seclusion. From the character of our association, composed of members whose pursuits are connected with every division of natural science, viands of every variety, adapted to every taste, may be anticipated at our repasts; and although the service of our table may be homely, and destitute of brilliancy and splendor, substantial nutriment will be found, in every dish presented for your sustenance.

From this assurance you will perceive, that our course will consist of lectures on all those sciences, which at this day may be considered as intimately connected with human comfort, and even existence. So valuable have been the contributions of all the sciences to the arts which clothe, nourish, and improve our physical condition, that it seems almost incredible that one possessed of an ordinary spirit of investigation, could rest satisfied with the advantages and enjoyments which he possesses, without feeling some desire to become acquainted with the sources whence those enjoyments and advantages are derived. To satisfy such an inquiry will be our chief object in our proposed course; and while to some, such satisfaction may limit the extent beyond which they have no wish to go, others we trust may be stimulated to soar above this utilitarian connection, and feel an ambition to attain the highest and most intellectual range in which science is cultivated. The gratification and delight resulting from the knowledge acquired, alone, is an ample reward for the labor and time consumed in the acquisition; and no purer or more ennobling emotion can fill the heart, than which results from the consciousness of having attained a knowledge of the wonderful operations of nature, whether displayed in the structure, functions, and existence of the pettiest insect, or manifested in the violence of the destructive and terrifying tornado. For this reward, have philosophers contented themselves to pass their whole lives in seclusion—their only companions, books, their only objects of regard an insect or a flower—deprived of what are usually considered the comforts of life, and utterly despising its luxuries:—

“Their food the fruit, their drink the chrystal well.”

If then the return, for years passed in seclusion, and devoted solely to the acquisition of one subject, be merely the gratification arising from the consciousness of possessing the knowledge, assuredly, that gratification must be of the highest character, and far exceed in its fruition the pleasure derived from the ordinary joys of sense, which pall by their continuance, and inevitably punish by their excess, as the experience of every one must have proved. But the joys of intellectual cultivation who can measure, or what protracted exercise can render oppressive! They create an appetite which grows by what it feeds on, and a thirst which never can be slaked to satiety.

The desire once kindled to become acquainted with nature never is extinguished; and as fresh supplies are acquired, additional means are placed at the disposal of the inquirer, to increase his store. His mind, the garner wherein his harvests are collected, expands with the increasing demands upon its capacity, and accommodates itself to the enlarged wants of its possessor; all his feelings acquire an enlarged regard for his fellow men, and an universal sentiment of philanthropy actuates all his conduct in his relations with mankind. He feels that by the application of his knowledge, he may become their benefactor; and he needs but the occasion to require his services, to put his whole store at their disposal with the most unrestrained benevolence. All the better qualities of humanity exist, and are called into exercise in him; his love of virtue is enhanced; his adherence to truth is strictly observed; a rigid sense of justice is excited; his enthusiasm is kindled; and, while his humility is increased, well may he exclaim—

Oh Nature! all sufficient, over all!
Enrich me with the knowledge of thy works!
Snatch me to heaven; thy rolling wonders there,
World beyond world, in infinite extent,
Profusely scattered o'er the blue immense,
Shew me; their motions, periods, and their laws
Give me to scan; thro' the disclosing deep
Light my blind way; the mineral strata there;
Thrust blooming thence the vegetable world:
O'er that the rising system, more complex,
Of animals; and higher still, the mind
The varied scene of quick compounded thought
And where the endless passions endless shift;
These ever open to my ravished eye;
A search the flight of time can ne'er exhaust!
But if to that unequal; if the blood.

In sluggish streams about my heart, forbid
That best ambition, under closing shades,
Inglorious, lay me by the lowly brook
And whisper to my dreams. From *Thee* begin,
Dwell all on *Thee*, with *Thee* conclude my song,
And let me never, never, stray from *Thee*!

Such are the aspirations of the student of nature, and such the humility with which they are inspired and expressed.

It would be far from my intention to induce you to believe, that we undertake during our brief course, to withdraw the curtain from the arcana of nature to such an extent, as would enable you to appreciate the whole scene in all its variety and beauty. Such an attempt could be attended but with failure. But we do undertake to show, while displaying the utility of science in her connection with the arts, that she is deserving of cultivation for her own sake, and promises a rich treat for those who succeed in making her acquaintance; that a knowledge of science is a knowledge of nature in her most beautiful aspect; that she pleases by her delicacy and minute operations, as well as commands admiration by her sublimity and gigantic productions; that intellectual gratification and improvement result as well from the microscopic investigation of the humblest animalcula, as from the enlarged and terrible regard of Vesuvius belching forth lava and flame.

Having afforded you an opportunity of acquiring this intellectual improvement, we then put it to yourselves to say, whether by such instruction men are not made better and happier?—whether you do not yourselves realize the ennobling of all your emotions?—whether you are not actuated in your relations with society, by a more enlarged benevolence and ready philanthropy?—whether you do not experience your love of virtue enhanced, your adherence to truth more rigidly observed, your sense of justice excited, your enthusiasm kindled, and your humility increased?—whether instead of regarding man, proud man, as the head of the creation, you do not regard him as merely one link in the great chain of existence? and whether, in a word, your whole ideas of creation and the universe, be not ennobled, expanded and improved?

It may at the first glance appear somewhat startling, that effects of this character and importance should follow means apparently so incompetent to produce them; and many of you may be deterred from undertaking the commencement of a study, which appears to be interminable and unbounded in its extent. Such apprehensions, however, I feel it incumbent on me to allay, and I trust that success may attend my effort for

the sake of those with whom fear may exist. Many have been influenced, or may be controlled by the oft repeated lines—

“Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring;
Here shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
While drinking largely sobers us again.”

This sentiment though beautifully expressed, and perfect in its relations to rhythm and cadence, has been so constantly quoted, that it has almost acquired the influence of an axiom, and been regarded as a proper check on the disposition of those who have been actuated by a desire to acquire some knowledge of a particular subject, but have been either unable or unwilling to push their researches to the extent of an adept. Such a construction of it however, as would preclude any entrance into the principles of science; would forever debar the acquisition of science at all, and however we may admire its poetic beauties, we cannot yield assent to the opinion that no one should taste the exquisite flavor of the draught which is presented for enjoyment, unless pledged to drain the goblet.

The existing state of science at the period at which this was written, may have justified the advice given by the poet; as that epoch, the few truths which had been discovered were enveloped in a mist of fancy and hypothesis, which effectually obscured them; and every species of mystery and empiricism was employed, to disguise the attainments of the learned and prevent their possessions, which they regarded as sacred and peculiar, from passing into the hands of the people at large. The science of the present day is however of an entirely different character, and invites the most minute scrutiny into its principles and truths from the most numerous group of observers, and is unremitting in its exertions to dispel mystery and remove concealment.

An imperfect or partial study of the sciences, thus involved in speculative hypotheses, and fettered with the chains of superstition and credulity, might have been attended with detrimental effects, which would have retarded the advancement of truth, and hence the caution of the poet was perhaps not altogether unappropriate, or ill-advised. But to apply such a restriction to the science of this day of universal intelligence and freedom of thought and actions, could in no manner be justified. We are now no longer embarrassed with idle hypotheses or credulous and superstitious fancies. Our theories are based upon strict deductions from facts, and however small may be our acquisitions, that little cannot but enlarge our knowledge of nature.

Imagine for a moment how such an interdict would operate at home. How many laborers we could furnish for the field of intellectual cultivation. How few are there in this country as yet, who are enabled by the possession of independence, to devote their entire lives to scientific pursuits; and how many are there on the other hand, who delight in the devotion of such periods as they can abstract from those vocations which keen necessity impels, to the cultivation of a taste for literary and scientific attainments. The strict, literal interpretation of Pope's injunction would forever shut out these enjoyments from the fruition of the mass, and reserve them exclusively for devotees and enthusiasts. Such a course is not in accordance with the enlarged and liberal views of the present age, whose maxim is "onward," and whose efforts are directed to "the greatest good of the greatest possible number"—and we must beg you not to be deterred from the acquisition of such knowledge as is within your reach, because other and equally inviting information may exist beyond your power of attainment. It were easy to exhibit a catalogue of distinguished men, whose enlarged knowledge of natural science was acquired during intervals of leisure snatched from the pursuits of business, and whose names have acquired a deserved celebrity no less for the industry and perseverance displayed in the study of natural philosophy among distressing cases and harrassing occupations, than for the benefits which their writings and researches afforded to mankind. To an American audience it is only necessary to particularize Rumfort, Rittenhouse, and Franklin, to ensure unqualified and unanimous assent to the proposition which I maintain, that exclusive devotion to philosophical pursuits is not required for distinguished attainments and reputation.

Having now, as I trust, dispelled the apprehensions which may have existed, that too great a demand upon your time might be made, to enable you to appreciate to any degree the enjoyments and advantages which result from the cultivation of a scientific or philosophical taste, it becomes me to state in more distinct and particular terms, what the character of our proposed course will be. As already stated, our academy is composed of members engaged in the study of all the different branches of natural science; and with the view of deriving the great advantages which result from the action of combined efforts, we are divided into several classes or sections, as our individual tastes and acquirements dictate. The present arrangements and classification includes a section of mathematics, astronomy, and physics—a section of chemistry—a sec-

tion of mineralogy and geology, including physical geography and the history and arrangement of fossil remains—a section of zoology, embracing the comparative anatomy and physiology of animals, and subdivided into branches, which investigate the history and classification of mamalia, birds, reptiles, fishes, insects, and mollusca; and finally, a section of botany, including vegetable physiology.

This division of our attention and labor, includes, as you will perceive, every department of natural history and natural philosophy, and enables us with far greater effect, to devote our energies to investigation and research, than if the action of our whole body were bestowed on each subject at random. Our object being as well to learn as to teach, we are thus provided with instructors in each branch of study, while all the others, as regards each one, may be regarded as pupils. The most distinguished for attainment in any of the above classes or sections, being members of those sections, I may venture to assure you, that the information communicated during our course on the subjects connected with each of our divisions, will be of an interesting, as well as substantial character. Those who have undertaken our course, being all voluntary, aids to the diffusion of scientific intelligence, may be expected to put forth their best efforts, with all the zeal and enthusiasm which voluntary service inspires. They have no other end in view but the public good, and no other motive for thus publicly imparting their information than the belief that the community may derive some advantage from its promulgation. They believe that a large class exists in our city, whose disposition for the acquisition of scientific truths, is only restrained by the want of ability to indulge it, and that any means which may be afforded for its gratification, will be eagerly and ambitiously sought.

While the academy regret that the means which they have at their disposal, for gratifying this disposition for improvement, are not coextensive with their wishes, they cannot but hope the effect of this first course will be to enlarge those means, and enable them hereafter to come into the arena on a scale proportionate to the importance of their object. At present, they propose a course of but sixteen lectures; of which, some will be devoted probably to each of the general divisions of natural science. Certainly the great divisions of natural philosophy—chemistry, mineralogy, geology, natural history, and botany—will have its representative here; and you may anticipate an agreeable variety of instruction, perhaps more inviting by the successive novelties which will be presented, than a course would be found, devoted to either one of these

subjects exclusively. Such specimens and apparatus as may be required for the illustration of the subjects treated, will in all cases be supplied, from the means already in possession of the academy; and it is believed no project of the kind ever proposed for the support of the citizens of Baltimore, has promised a more faithful and able execution. Standing here as the representative of my colleagues, and charged by them with the duty of presenting their claims to support, I should feel myself wanting in my duty to them, did I not endeavor to obtain that encouragement which their attainments merit, and their zeal for the scientific advancement of our community deserves, by presenting to you, fully and forcibly, my own estimate of their deserts. This I have endeavored, without exaggeration, to do; and I feel that in doing so, I am not rendered liable to any imputation of vanity, unless it be that I feel my own position elevated by the familiar and unreserved intercourse with them, which our association and co-operation affords. Of the justice of this tribute to their merit, you will have an opportunity to judge during the course; and I feel no hesitation in anticipating, that your unanimous verdict will confirm this opinion. While bespeaking this favorable estimate of their attainments, and invoking a kind reception on behalf of those who may have the honor hereafter to come before you, it becomes me to ask your most indulgent regard of the difficulties and embarrassments which invariably attend every new enterprise; but which, so far as we can foresee and prevent, shall as seldom as possible be obtruded upon you. We feel that our cause will ensure the most favorable reception; and we cannot believe that you will be disposed to censure what our best efforts may have been devoted to obtain. We are none of us veterans, either in years or attainments; nor can we boast immunity from the ordinary lot of humanity. Our attributes are in common with your own; distinguished by no favorable opportunities for investigation or research. We are but humble interrogators of natural creation and phenomena, during such intervals as active employment in various pursuits may afford. We do not presumptuously assume to enjoy either abilities or acquirements above those possessed by hundreds of others, or which are not within the reach of each and all of you who may be disposed to improve the opportunities which are daily afforded. In thus coming forward to impose our voluntary services on the community, we are actuated, as already stated, by no other motive than a desire to diffuse scientific intelligence; and if our proceeding be deemed vain-glorious or impertinent, indecorous or superfluous, we are

willing to incur the odium which such epithets would attach to us. Conscious of the purity of our motives, we are willing to endure self-immolation in our zeal for the success of our undertaking. We offer ourselves as examples of what may be effected by the devotion of but few hurried moments to the attainment of scientific knowledge, and of how little time reserved from ordinary pursuits, may, if industriously employed, enable us to obtain valuable information, attended with gratification of the highest and most enduring character.

We feel that we have peculiar claims to your sympathies: that we are your friends, kinsmen, and neighbors—and that every advantage which we have possessed, you possess; every delight which we have enjoyed, you may enjoy; every inducement which stimulated us to exertion, exists to stimulate you. In the fields are spread before you the delicate and blooming products of the earth, which botany regards as the subjects of her control and guardianship. In the wood, the feathered songster, with its lively notes of love and gladness, appeals to your senses for a response. Beneath the surface lie the mineral strata, varied in composition and rich in value, to invite your investigation into their structure, or stimulate your acquisitiveness to possess them. Submerged beneath the waters, the finny race abound innumerable in their variety, wonderful for their structure and adaptation to the element which they inhabit. In the vast laboratory of nature the chemical changes of production, dissolution, and re-production, which, commencing with the creation, still endure, to interest your curiosity, and corroborate the inductions of science. The phenomena presented by the properties of fluids, classified under the technical appellations of Pneumatics and Hydrostatics, constantly occurring under our most familiar view, present you agreeable and instructive illustrations of the economy of nature; and Astronomy and Optics, the laws of which, established with demonstrable certainty, afford most conclusive and beautiful evidence of the application of abstract mathematical reasoning to natural science, and the coincidence of results produced by induction from observation, with the strictly philosophic deductions of Geometry.

All the fields hitherto explored possess, still, the same varied and attractive beauty and richness, while wide scope for further research, experiment and observation, remains to interest us. Possessed of the means now established for investigation and research, and of which our predecessors were destitute; enlightened to a degree which former ages must have deemed utterly unattainable, the progress of

scientific advancement during the last century, has been, and continues to be almost inconceivably rapid. We stand, as compared with former ages, on an eminence, from which we may calmly and leisurely survey every route tending toward the goal of our ambition, interest or delight, enjoying a prospect which they could never realize. Pursuing avenues, smooth and determined, in their length and destination, the approaches to which they had barely discovered, and over which the route appeared, to them, rough, narrow, and interminable. Already have we annihilated time and space, and brought the eastern continent within the distance of unremote districts of our own country, while cities and communities located along our coast, and our trans-mountain fellow citizens, are enabled to enjoy the advantages of frequent and intimate intercourse and association. The enlarged sphere of action of modern philosophy, has brought the certainty of mathematical conclusion to the corroboration of inductions of physical observers, in other sciences than those already named, and enabled us to give to results mathematical certainty, which the imperfections of physical agents had barely approached.

But it is unnecessary to enlarge upon a topic which every day's experience brings before your observation, and every day's enjoyment of comfort and security, compels you to realize and believe. And however much you may be disposed to doubt the influence which abstract science has brought to bear upon your condition in civilized and refined society, but a short period of observation, and but a trifling degree of confidence will be required to ensure your unqualified assent to the proposition, "that speculations apparently the most unprofitable, have almost invariably been those from which the greatest practical applications have emanated." To continue the remarks of Sir Jno. Herschel, whose language I have just quoted: "What, for instance, could be apparently more unprofitable than the dry speculations of the ancient geometers, on the properties of the conic sections, or than the dreams of Kepler, (as they would naturally appear to his cotemporaries,) about the numerical harmonies of the universe? Yet these are the steps by which we have risen to a knowledge of the elliptic motions of the planets, and the law of gravitation, with all its splendid theoretical consequences, and its inestimable practical results. The ridicule attached to "swing swangs," in Hooke's time, did not prevent him from reviving the proposal of the *pendulum* as a standard of measure, since so admirably wrought into practice by the genius and perseverance of Capt. Kater; nor did

that which Boyle encountered in his researches on the elasticity and purposes of the air, act as any obstacle to the train of discovery which terminated in the steam-engine."

"The dreams of the alchymists led them on in the path of experiment, and drew attention to the wonders of chemistry, while they brought their advocates to merited contempt and ruin. In their case it was moral dereliction which gave to ridicule a weight and power, not necessarily or naturally belonging to it. Among the alchymists were men of superior minds, who reasoned while they worked; and who, not content to grope always in the dark, and blunder on their object, sought carefully in the observed nature of their agents for guides in their pursuits, to which we owe the creation of experimental philosophy." Coming from so elevated a source, these remarks are entitled to the highest consideration, and deserve at your hands far more implicit confidence than I could have hoped to obtain for any argument of my own.

Though not yet exhausted of all the means at my disposal, for demonstrating the advantages and delights which spring from scientific pursuits, the lapse of time apprises me that I should exhaust your patience, were I further to trespass on your attention. I cannot, however, refrain from making a last appeal to your civic pride. Shall our city, distinguished for her commercial enterprise and ability, acknowledged as the abode of intelligence, wealth and refinement, characterised by her evidences of spontaneous tribute to chivalry and patriotism, be known among her sisters as deficient in scientific reputation? Shall she who stretches her iron arms across the mountains, and spreads her sails upon every sea, competing with her elder neighbors for that eminence and those possessions which seniority and ability have enabled them to obtain, fall in the rear, when intellectual and moral culture are the objects sought? Will a Baltimore public suffer a design to fail, for want of their patronage and support, which looks to the diffusion of science and intelligence among her population; and which elsewhere has received unqualified approbation, and unlimited support? Forbid it fathers, who anticipate, from your descendants, an honorable support of the institutions and reputation which you have reared and sustained. Forbid it mothers who have the welfare of your offspring at heart, and whose daily prayers are raised for their prosperity and happiness. Forbid it fellow men, who feel with us an anxiety for the character, reputation, and honor of our city. Reflect upon how much we are indebted to science for our ability to extend our internal improvements, to direct our

commerce across the main; how much of our enterprise, ability, and resources, owe their exercise and developement to the abstract pursuits of philosophers; and how utterly incompetent we should have been to have erected those monuments to patriotism and valor which characterise our city, unless science had previously provided us with the pulley and the wedge, the lever and the screw—essential implements in the hands of the artisan, for the prosecution of his work. But I urge this appeal no farther. I see that you appreciate the value of our course; that you have no design that we should fail for want of encouragement; that a noble ambition animates you to maintain the character which our city now bears, of enterprise, intelligence, and refinement, and that you are determined to add to that, a reputation for science and learning.

Impressed with the belief that I am not mistaken in the augury which I draw from your kind and undiminished attention,—

With thee, serene Philosophy, with thee,
And thy bright garland, let me crown my song!
Effusive source of evidence and truth!
A lustre shedding o'er th'ennobled mind,
Stronger than summer noon; and pure as that
Whose mild vibrations soothe the parted soul,
New to the dawning of celestial day.
Hence, thro' her nourished powers enlarged by thee,
She springs aloft, with elevated pride,
Above the tangling mass of low desires,
That bind the fluttering crowd; and, angel-winged,
The heights of Science and of Virtue gains,
Where all is calm and clear; with nature round,
Or in the starry regions, or th' abyss
To Reason's and to Fancy's eye displayed;
The first, up-tracing from the dreary void,
The chain of causes and effects to Him,
The world-producing essence, who alone
Possesses being; while the last receives
The whole magnificence of heaven and earth,
And every beauty, delicate or bold,
Obvious or more remote, with livelier sense
Diffusive, painted on the rapid mind!

THE GRAVES OF THE SIGNERS.*

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

WHERE lie our country's glorious dead?—
In graves that know nor rite, nor name,
Whence every passing wind should spread
The story to that country's shame?—
Where, all unchecked, the rank weed shoots
Its noxious fibres through their clay;
And where, in safety, loathsome brutes
Across it drag their mangled prey?—
Where human pride and hope and love
Ne'er meet the rugged clods above?

No! midst the dear homes of the land,
E'en as their own hearths, unforgot!
The North's stern yeoman lifts his hand,
Proud, from his plough, to point the spot;
And the wild school-boy he has nursed,
Beside them rests his tired knee,
And tells their names and deeds, the first
That he has known of history;
While the warm wish looks through his eye,
Like them to live, and thus to lie!

No! where the South's bright-plumaged birds
And bright-hued flowers, sing and wave!
There haughty men of burning words
In reverence seek each quiet grave;
And there, if lightly have been spent
Their own rich gifts of God and earth,
Up from the dust a voice is sent,
That startles them to aims of worth;
There high-souled women pause to pray,—
"May those we love prove such as they!"

*Suggested by the question—"Do we not owe it to the memory of the Signers of the Declaration of Independence, to collect their remains, and place them in a national monument?"

They lie, where in their glory's time,
They saved their sires' gray heads from harm;
In fruitful fields, throughout our clime,
Won from the dark woods by their arm;
Where first their children saw the light,
And where, when pressed by ill and wrong,
As unto altars dowered with might,
E'en yet their children's children throng,
And feel what well may nerve their powers,—
"Why should we sink?—their blood is ours!"

And ye would break their holy sleep,
And bear them to some labored pile,
Where Mammon grudges time to weep,
Ambition cold to drop its guile;
Where the poor peasant ne'er could go,
To bless them for their god-like part,
And catch a spirit, still to grow,
And raise his soul, and swell his heart;
Where fashion's flighty slaves would turn
From them, unto their blazoned urn!

Go solemnly and seek their shrines,
And think, while o'er each honored breast,
Pure blows the breeze, the sun-beam shines,
How sweet, how lovely is such rest;
See that their memory around,
Stamps freedom on each form and face;
Hear that, in danger's hour, each mound
Would be a legion's rallying-place;
If ye have hearts, there list their tones,
And dare to touch those hallowed bones!

ITALIAN SKETCHES.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

No. II.—MODENA.

"There are those who lord it o'er their fellow-men,
With most prevailing tinsal."—*Keats*.

OF all the strong holds of despotism at present existing in Italy, Modena excites in the mind of a republican the greatest impatience. The narrowed limits of the state are in ludicrous contrast with the tyrannical propensities of the government. As one cannot approach the neat little capitol and gaze through the vine-ranges of the contiguous plains, to the distant and snow-clad Appenines, without dwelling regretfully upon the political condition of a people, upon whose domain nature has lavished her resources with a richness that would seem to ensure their prosperity and happiness. The conduct of the Modenese during the revolutionary excitement, which agitated this part of Italy several years since, and which is now alluded to with a significant shrug, as *l'affaire di treut'uno*, and the sufferings consequent upon its failure, are such also as to elicit the hearty sympathy of every true friend of liberal principles. The Grand Duke, when compelled to fly under the escort of the one battallion of his troops, who remained faithful to him, assured one of his old domestics, who expressed much commiseration on the occasion, that in three days he would return and quell the little disturbance. For more than a month, however, the capitol remained in the possession of the people, who displayed during this exciting epoch, a singular respect for individual rights, and maintained a degree of order and good faith worthy of a more fortunate issue. Even the priests assumed the tri-colored cockade; and among the armed citizens were many of the sturdy peasants from the neighboring hills. And when the fugitive prince returned from Vienna, at the head of fifteen thousand Austrian troops, a large body of the national guard displayed the most commendable bravery in defending those of the revolutionists who were compelled to flee, conducting them in safety, and not without several severe skirmishes, to Ancona, whence they em-

barked for different ports in the Mediterranean and Adriatic. A series of executions, imprisonments and confiscations followed, and the traveller continually meets with the unhappy effects of this impotent attempt to establish liberty, in the number of impoverished individuals, the restricted privileges of all classes, and the increased rigor of the police. The manner in which the plot was discovered was rather curious. One of the conspirators was arrested on suspicion of theft, and thinking all was known, spoke so freely of the plan and persons pledged to its support, that every important detail was soon revealed. A few plain tomb-stones, in an enclosure just before reaching one of the gates, indicate the Hebrew burying ground. The sight of these isolated graves but too truly illustrates the relentless persecution which still follows the Jews in Italy—a spirit which was manifested with no little severity by the reinstated Duke of Modena. It having been ascertained that four of the fraternity had taken a humble part in the popular movement, a fine of six hundred thousand francs was levied on the whole sect, and their number being very small in the Modenese territory, the payment of the tribute reduced a large portion of the Israelites to absolute beggary. A still more affecting instance of the penalties inflicted upon the liberals of Modena, came under my observation. In the carriage which conveyed me from the little duchy, was a lady of middle age, the expression of whose countenance was so indicative of recent affliction, as to awaken immediate sympathy. I remarked too that peculiar manner which evinces superiority to suffering, or rather a determination to meet opposing circumstances with decision of character and moral courage. No one who has ever had occasion to notice the uprising of a woman's spirits, after the first burst of passionate sorrow over the mysterious destiny so truly described by one of the sweetest of female poets—

“—— to make idols and to find them clay,
And to bewail their worship”—

Can ever mistake the manner to which I allude. It is evident in the calm attention with which the routine of life's duties are fulfilled, as if they no longer interested the feelings, but were simply dictated by necessity. It is seen in the long reveries which occupy the intervals of active engagements; and it is to be read at a glance in the tranquil tone, the changeless expression, and the mild composure which touch with something of sanctity, the person of one whose existence is bereft of its chief attraction. I was soon persuaded that

such was the case with the lady who sat beside me in the *Modenese voiture*. She answered my questions with that ready affability which belongs to the better class of Italians, and with the quick intelligence of a cultivated mind. For some time our conversation was of a general nature, until I learned that the object of her journey was to remove a son from college, who, for some years, had been pursuing his studies in Tuscany. This led us to speak of education—of its momentous importance, and of its neglect in Italy. I remarked that it seemed to me that the prevailing corruption of manners was attributable chiefly to the want of good domestic culture; that the homes of the land were not the sanctuaries for the mind and affections they should be, because expediency alone was the boasts of most of the connection. "Signor," she replied, "you speak truly, and when, alas, there are those who have the independence and the feeling to disregard the dominant system, and create one of the sacred homes which you say grace your native land, death soon severs the ties which were too blessed to continue." Tears filled her eyes, and it was long before she recovered her equanimity sufficiently again to engage in conversation. I subsequently learned that this lady was the widow of a distinguished scientific professor of Modena, who had ardently sympathised in the vain attempt of his countrymen to enfranchise themselves from the trammels of despotism. In consequence of his prominence as a man of letters, it became necessary for him on the unsuccessful termination of the struggle, to leave the state. He accordingly fled to Corsica, where he soon received from the Grand Duke of Tuscany, an invitation to visit Florence, and the offer of a valuable professorship. When this became known to the Modenese government, he was informed that if he did not return to his native state, his property would be confiscated; while it was well known that on his re-appearance within the precincts of the duchy, his head would pay the forfeit of his attachment to freedom. He was, therefore, soon joined by his family, and long continued to perform his duties with distinguished success at Florence. By a species of compromise, his wife enjoys a limited portion of her just income, by residing most of the year upon her estates—the remainder going to increase the ducal treasury. The husband had died a short time previous, and his widow was then returning from one of her annual sojourns amid the scenes of her former happiness, a requisition to which parental love led her to submit in order to preserve the already invaded rights of her fatherless children. The general policy of the duke of Modena

accords with this spirit of petty tyranny. He is now carrying into execution many costly projects, some of which, indeed, tend to embellish the city; but the means to defray which, are provided by taxes as contrary to the spirit of social advancement, as they are onerous and unwise. It is sufficient to mention the tribute exacted from all foreign artists, who execute works at the quarries of Canova, a measure utterly unworthy an enlightened European ruler in the nineteenth century. The countenance of this prince struck me as altogether accordant with his character; and the manifest servility of the vocalists at the court opera, was something new and striking even in Italy. It was not a little annoying, too, to hear in that splendid *spartito* of the Puritani—

Suoni la tromba, e intressido
 So pugneio da forté;
 Bello è affrontar la morte
 Gridando liberta,

Which thrills like the spirit of freedom, through the very heart, the word loyalty substituted for liberty.

The ducal palace of Modena is truly magnificent. Unfortunately the grand saloon has proved unfit for the festive scenes it was designed to witness, from the powerful echo produced by its lofty and vaulted ceiling. Music, and even the voice when slightly elevated, awakens such a response as to create any thing but an harmonious impression. The walks of the splendid range of apartments, of which this elegant hall constitutes the centre, are adorned with beautiful frescos, and lined with the richest paintings. Among the latter is a fine crucifixion by Guido, and the death of Abel, by one of his most promising pupils. I examined this picture with interest when informed that the author died very young. The meek beauty of Abel's face, bowed down beneath the iron hold of the first murderer, whose rude grasp is fiercely fixed upon his golden hair, while the hand of the victim is laid deprecatingly upon his brother's breast, abounds in that expressive contrast which is so prolific a source of true effect in art and literature, and life. The pleasing impression derived from dwelling upon the numerous interesting paintings here collected, is somewhat rudely dispelled when one emerges from the palace into the square, and sees the soldiers parading before the gate, and artillery planted in the piazza, and turns his thoughts from the ennobling emblems of genius, to the well appointed machinery of despotism.

In a chamber of the ancient tower, is preserved the old wooden bucket which is said to have been the occasion of a

war between Bologna and Modena. It is suspended by its original chain from the centre of the wall, and is regarded as a curious and valuable relic, having been immortalized by Passoni in his celebrated poem *La Secchia Rassita*. My memory, however, was busy with another trophy memorialized in modern poetry. I remember hearing a gentleman who had won some enviable laurels in the field of letters, declare that the most gratifying tribute he ever received, was the unaffected admiration with which a country lass regarded him in a stage-coach, after discovering that he was the author of a few verses which had found their way into the reader used in the public school she attended. This class book was the first work which had unveiled to the ardent mind of the maiden, the sweet mysteries of poetry, and this particular piece had early fascinated her imagination, and been transferred to her memory. In expressing her feelings to the poet, she assured him that it had never occurred to her that the author of these familiar lines was alive, far less that he was so like other men, and, least of all, that she should ever behold and talk with him. It seemed to her a very strange, as it certainly was a delightful, coincidence. And such is the universal force of early associations, that we all more or less share the feelings of this unsophisticated girl; and in a country where education is pursued on the system which is prevalent with us, many minds derive impressions from school-book literature, which even the more ripened taste and altered views of later life, cannot efface. Often have I thus read with delight one of the prettiest sketches in Roger's Italy—

"If ever you should come to Modena,
 Stop at the palace near the Reggio gate,
 Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini;
 The noble garden terrace above terrace,
 And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
 Will long detain you, but before you go,
 Enter the house—forget it not I pray,—
 And look awhile upon a picture there.
 'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth," &c.

Little did I think in the careless season of boyhood, that the opportunity would ever be afforded me of following the poet's advice. Yet here I found myself in Modena, and it seemed to me like an outrage upon better feeling, as well as good taste, not to adopt the pleasant counsel that rang in my ears, as if the kind-hearted-banker poet inclined his white locks and whispered it himself. I lost no time, therefore, in inquiring for this interesting picture, but in vain. By one of

the thousand vicissitudes which are ever changing the relics of Italy to the eye of the traveller, Guiciora's portrait had been removed from its original position. The oldest *Cicerone* in the place assured me that he ineffectually endeavored to trace it. It was evidently a sore subject with him. "Many an English traveller, signor," said he, "has asked me about this picture, and again and again have I labored to discover it. It fell into the hands of a dealer in such things, who does not remember how he disposed of it." So I was obliged to rest content with the legend, and imagine the countenance of her whose strangely melancholy fate so awed the fancy of my childhood.

BEAUTY.

BY THOMAS R. HOFLAND.

How beautiful the mountain side
 Where the purple grape vines grow;
 How beautiful the murmurings
 Of a chrystal streamlet's flow.
 How beautiful the vallies are,
 Where the perfumed lily springs,
 How beautiful the merry birds,
 On their light and buoyant wings;
 How beautiful the sunshine is—
 And how beautiful the shade;
 How beautiful is every thing,
 That Nature's God hath made.
 How beautiful must HE be then,
 Whose all creative wand
 Hath struck the springs of beauty with
 So prodigal a hand.
 And oh if on this lowly earth
 These things are formed so fair,
 How past conception beautiful,
 And bright beyond compare,
 Must be the dwellings in the skies,
 From whence *all beauty* hath its rise.

THE CAVE OF CHRYSTALS.

A LEGEND OF TONGATABOO.

BY REV. J. H. CLINCH.

PART V.

'Tis night—the young moon's silver crest
Yet lingers in the glowing west,
But still so near its couch of rest,
That almost, like a fairy boat,
It seems upon the sea to float,
Along the island's eastern side;
O'er the calm wave a shadow wide
And deep is spread, which well conceals
Yon large canoe which silently
Beside the cliffs and caverns steals,
And scarce disturbs the sleeping sea.
The steersman whispers to his crew—
They check their paddle's noiseless play—
And soon the motionless canoe
Sleeps on the waters of the bay.

The leader, leaning on his oar,
Then in brief words his comrades told,
That to their number, yet one more
Must there be added—"Here then hold
Your place," he said, "till I return:
Then shall you all my secret learn."
They would have answered; but he gave
No time for words—but sought the wave:
Down to the weedy depths he hies—
The rippling waters o'er him close;
And long the silence of surprise
Held every lip—but silence grows
At length to wonder: for no eye
Could yet his rising form espy;
And wonder changed to anxious fear,
When well nigh had an hour gone by,
And still no swimmer's stroke they hear—
And round the boat the question passed
From lip to lip,—Say lives he yet?
But no reply the question met:
Each feared the worst, yet strove to cast
Hope's light upon the threatening cloud,

That scarce one lingering ray allowed
To pierce its darkness; and ere long
One voice amid the trembling throng
Proposed departure from the shore,
Lest watchful foes be thither led;
And some already seized the oar
To second that the speaker said
By instant action; but before
All would such desperate course pursue,
One who had scanned the waters o'er
With careful eye, addressed the crew—
“Silence my friends! methinks I view
Some object near us—hark! tis he!
Is it? Yet no! it cannot be—
Yes! and another with him too!
Your hand my chief, and yours fair youth—
Fair maiden rather—for in sooth
Such hand bespeaks a chieftain's daughter.”
The swimmers leave the bubbling water,
And welcomes from the joyous band,
Who round them press on every hand,
Resound on board the good canoe,
For their lost chief, and Amilu!

What more remains? Across the sea,
A prosperous course to green Fiji—
A happy meeting with her sire
For Amilu; an union blest
With him she loved, her bravest-best,
Who saved them from the tyrant's ire;
And could they yet again behold
Their island home, there would not be
One word of happiness untold,
To fill life's page with harmony:
And *that* was granted them,—a year
Had scarcely run its swift career,
Before from Tonga's isle one morn
A swift canoe the waves had borne,
And soon its joyous news was spread—
“Tonga is free!—the tyrant dead!”

THE STUDENT'S DIARY.

BY REV. DR. BEASLEY.

October 5. WARBURTON'S SYLLOGISMS.

THE following are what Warburton calls his three simple propositions, upon which he erects his demonstration of the Divine Legation of Moses:

"1. That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well-being of civil society.

2. That all mankind, especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching, that this doctrine was of such use to civil society.

3. That the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is not to be found in, nor does make part of the Mosaic dispensation;

4. Therefore the law of Moses, is of divine original.

This, one or both of the following syllogisms will evince:—

1. Whatsoever religion and society have no future state for their support, must be supported by an extraordinary providence.

The Jewish religion and society had no future state for their support—

Therefore the Jewish religion and society were supported by an extraordinary providence.

And again:—

2. The ancient lawgivers universally believed that such a religion could be supported only by an extraordinary providence.

Moses, an ancient lawgiver, versed in all the wisdom of Egypt, purposely instituted such a religion;—

Therefore, Moses believed his religion was supported by an extraordinary providence."

Whenever I had read over the propositions and syllogisms contained in this celebrated demonstration, although each of the propositions taken separately appeared true, yet, upon the whole, they left upon my mind confused ideas and unsatisfactory impressions. By more close examination of the argument, I have now endeavored to detect the cause, or causes, of the

difficulty I found, in following the author from his premises to his conclusion. These, I think, may be described in the deficiency of his arrangement. He does not trace in this exposition an inseparable concatenation of thought; and some of his propositions are inconsistent with others, as well as some of his inferences illegitimate. The reader who nicely scrutinizes this statement, will perceive, that the main argument upon which the author intends to insist, is, that in order to the well-being of every society, there must either be found the belief of a future state, or an extraordinary providence; and as under the Jewish dispensation the first was not inculcated, this circumstance is decisive proof that the second prevailed. Had he distinctly stated this argument, and then proceeded to its demonstration, I think every one would have, at once, allowed its force and ingenuity. Instead of following this obvious method, how does Warburton proceed? First, he states three propositions from what he undertakes to infer, that the law of Moses is of divine original. And to what do these previous propositions amount? That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well-being of civil society; that in this opinion all the wise and learned nations of antiquity agreed; but that this doctrine is not to be found in the Mosaic dispensation. Now, are we not very much surprised and confused, to hear it at once inferred from these principles, "that the law of Moses is of divine original." He had before asserted, and the wisest nations of antiquity agreed in the opinion, that the doctrine of a future state is necessary to the well-being of civil society. Now, if Moses in his code, omitted that which is necessary to civil society, would not the obvious inference be, that his dispensation was defective, rather than that it was of divine origin? We all perceive at what the writer is aiming, which is to show, that as Moses omitted the inculcation of a future state as the sanction of his laws, he must have known that he should enjoy the advantage of an extraordinary providence to supply its place. But the author should have distinctly stated these several ideas, and, then, his conclusions would have followed clearly, naturally, and intelligibly to all.

Again: There are other objections to this statement of Warburton: All logicians will allow, that in a syllogism no proposition should be admitted which is not strictly true, nor should any thing be asserted generally of a subject, which we afterwards find to be true only under certain restrictions and limitations. Of this kind are the following assertions of Bishop Warburton: "That to inculcate the doctrine of a

future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well-being of civil society." How does this accord with another proposition introduced afterwards? "Whatsoever religion and society have no future state, must be supported by an extraordinary providence." Surely it is here maintained that an extraordinary providence will supply the place of the doctrine of future rewards and punishments, in promoting the well-being of society. To make the first proposition true, then, it must be expressed in these terms—"That to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well-being of civil society," unless it be supported by an extraordinary providence.

A similar exception might be taken to his second assumption, "that all mankind, especially the most wise and learned nations of antiquity, have concurred in believing and teaching, that this doctrine was of such use to civil society." He himself at the very next step, asserts that Moses was an exception to all other examples of this nature. In framing his maxim, then, he should have referred to this exception. But let it be understood, that I recur not to these deficiencies with any view to disparage the pretensions of this great man and admirable writer; but rather to disentangle his ideas from the intricacies and fallacies in which he appears to me to involve them, and by this means exhibit his argument to his readers in all the force to which it is justly entitled. Bishop Warburton is one of the ablest, and most learned, writers that ever adorned any age or nation. He is distinguished by boldness of conception, originality of thought, a most fertile imagination, fulness of erudition, a pungent wit, and an expressive and masterly style. But he does not appear to me distinguished by that powerful reason and clear and intense light of understanding, that so peculiarly characterize the works of Locke, of Dr. Samuel Clarke, and Bishop Butler, who never fail to draw us towards their conclusions, by an irresistible cord of argument. I shall conclude this article by presenting to the reader, I hope without presumption, that form of this celebrated demonstration, in which it might be made to appear to the greatest advantage, and leave a full impression upon the mind.

The doctrine that God is the rewarder of virtue and avenger of vice, either in the present or a future life, is indispensable to the well being of civil society. In this opinion, all the ancient lawgivers and sages, both Pagan and Jewish, concur.

Those lawgivers who do not have recourse to the one, must adopt the other, as the sanction of their laws, and the foundation of the public welfare. But in order that God should be the dispenser of rewards and punishments in the present life,

he must introduce among a community, an immediate theocracy, or establish an extraordinary providence. All the Pagan sages and lawgivers, conscious of inability to introduce an extraordinary providence, as this implies a divine commission, inculcated the doctrine of a future state, as essential to the well-being of society, and the effectual substitute for an immediate theocracy.

Moses omitted the doctrine of a future state, or did not find it necessary to resort to a future state of rewards and punishments, as the sanction of his laws.

Therefore he must have been convinced that he had received a Divine commission, and would be aided by an extraordinary Providence, in conducting that dispensation of which he was the Lawgiver and Chief. If an argument of this kind were conducted with the ability of Bishop Warburton, and sustained by his vast treasures of learning, would it not assume a very imposing form, and amount to what he denominates a moral demonstration?

October 6. THE SANCTION OF REWARDS.

The author of the Divine Legation, next proceeds to the demonstration of his first proposition, "that to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well-being of civil society." To render this proposition accurate, and proceed with mathematical exactness, he should have thus qualified his maxim, "Except in cases in which an extraordinary Providence is established in a community, to inculcate the doctrine of a future state of rewards and punishments, is necessary to the well being of civil society. This proposition he demonstrates in the usual methods, by insisting upon the deficiencies of all human laws and institutions, in restraining both private and open transgressions, and in enforcing a compliance with the duties of perfect and imperfect obligation. It would have been well, if he had here avoided the fault for which he reprehends other writers, "the religionists," who, to "give a relish to their systems, powder them with paradoxes," and had adhered to the wholesome prescription of that great master of reason, the venerable Hooker, and have "endeavored, throughout the body of his discourse, to see that every former part may give strength to all that follow, and every latter bring some light unto all before." Had he conformed to these sound suggestions, we should not have found him, in order to enforce the advantages of religion to civil society, running counter to the sentiments of philosophers, and the learned in all ages, by denying that according

to the original constitution of civil government, the sanction of rewards, as well as punishments, is established by it. He labors hard by different arguments, to show that it is impracticable for civil governments to bestow rewards upon obedient citizens, although it is as evident as light, that whatever may be the imperfections inherent in every plan of polity, its incapacity to dispense rewards to the virtuous, as well as penalties to the guilty, is not included in the number. Solon, Cicero, and the whole succession of great men, had maintained that the two great hinges upon which society turns, are rewards and punishments; and Bishop Warburton would have advanced nothing new, and excited no attention, had he merely confirmed the opinion of these his predecessors. He must, therefore, broach a novel doctrine, and assert that society is not, and cannot be, in possession of the sanction of rewards, and endeavor to uphold this whimsy by sophistical reasoning. And yet one would suppose, that the most superficial thinker, by a single moment's reflection, would discern that the laws of his country as liberally, and much more liberally, distribute rewards to the good, than punishments to the bad. Is not that protection to the faithful citizen which, as he himself allows, is dispensed upon the reciprocal condition of submission, a reward extended to him by the laws of his country? Is it no reward to him, that he is secured in the possession of his life, liberties and property? Are not all the advantages he participates in civilized, above savage life, so many rewards or favors for which he is indebted to the laws and institutions of the state? But it is unnecessary to enter into a further enumeration of proofs, upon a point so clear and unquestionable. In every case when society inflicts those punishments upon the vicious, which he allows to be a sanction of civil government, it, at the same time, bestows a favor upon the good, and not unfrequently, as we know, actually compels the offender to repair an injury, redress a wrong, or make restitution of property unjustly detained, or fraudulently appropriated. Upon a just estimation of this topic, therefore, we conclude that it is eternally and immutably true, as true as any theorems or problems in mathematics, that the two great springs by which society is moved, which secure its safety and tranquillity, and promote its welfare, are the powers it enjoys of distributing rewards to the good and punishments to the evil. All its rewards and penalties, nevertheless, are of a temporal nature, and imperfectly apportioned among mankind, and instead of superseding the influence of religion, and the necessity of future distributions of this nature, rather furnish a presumption in favor of the doctrines she inculcates in reference to futurity.

The presumption is, that the same Being who so organizes human nature, and arranges human society, that the wicked shall here be imperfectly punished, and the good inadequately rewarded, shall carry forward, improve, and perfect this scheme of righteous retribution in a future state.

October 7. WARBURTON'S CONTROVERSY WITH BAYLE.

We now find Warburton engaged in controversy with the celebrated Bayle, author of an invaluable Dictionary, who in a treatise, in which he proposes to inquire, whether ancient idolatry or modern Atheism is least hurtful to society, undertakes to prove that Atheism is not destructive of society. Nothing could be more masterly and conclusive than this answer to Bayle. With great clearness and force, he traces the foundations of our moral duty to our moral sense, which gives us perceptions of right and wrong, virtue and vice, to reason which reveals to us the eternal and immutable differences between them, and to the will of God, which alone imposes upon us an obligation to respect them. Hitherto, Warburton had confined himself to topics that had an immediate relation to the Divine legation of Moses; but here he takes his departure into devious tracks. It concerns not this subject, whether Pomponatius, the Italian, considered religion as introduced into the social state, merely from a consideration of its utility, without any reference to its truth; or Cardon, whose sense, as pleasantly observed by Bayle, was but an appendix to his folly, undertook to prove that the doctrine of the immortality of the soul, is destructive to society; or finally, whether Bayle himself reasoned for the innocence of Atheism, and asserted that Atheists may demonstrate the morality of human actions, recognize their obligations to duty, and form a virtuous and prosperous community. In fact, the whole controversy broached by Bayle, whether "Atheism be destructive to the body of society," is nugatory and nonsensical, since a community of Atheists never was and never will be found upon earth. The few in any nation who have become fools, and mad enough to say in their hearts, that there is no God, will never be able to produce greater influence upon the whole body politic, than do those poisons in the materia medica, which, although very rank and virulent in their natural condition, are so compounded and modified by the skill of the apothecary, as to be rendered not only innocuous, but sanative in their operation upon the human body. This whole question is so utterly frivolous and barren of useful results, that Bayle could have protruded it upon the learned world, only for purposes of sceptical spe-

culatation, and in the mere wantonness and riot of debate and oppugnation—or if by any malignity and perverseness of construction, this discussion could be conceived as forming a part in that plan of hostility, which was at that time prosecuting in Europe against christianity, what a prospect does it unfold to the mind, of that condition of the world and degradation of our race, which were to be the ultimate results of the efforts so zealously made, and perseveringly pursued, by the Apostles of infidelity and irreligion? Voltaire and his associates, were to exterminate christianity—Bayle was to recommend the formation of a community of Atheists, and Rousseau was to convince these Atheists, that savage life is greatly preferable to civilized! Thus mankind, after having advanced to the highest point of improvement in science and the arts, and partaken the numberless advantages of enlightened and refined intercourse, are to be borne by a retrograde course, back to the pleasures of the wigwam, the chase of wild beasts, the costume formed of their skins, and the still higher honors of wielding the tomaking and scalping knife, or the ecstatic delight of enduring the tortures of the stake!! Such paradoxes and fooleries deserve not the serious consideration of philosophers. To attempt a demonstration, that man may subsist in a prosperous society, without the belief of a God and Providence, resembles an inquiry into his probable condition in this world, had he been divested of the powers of reason and conscience, since wherever these faculties are found in the constitution of our nature, there the great ideas of God and his dominions, are discernible also as their inseparable companions. The belief of a Deity, would be grafted in our bosoms, and a full conviction of his overruling Providence, long before we attained to a knowledge of our moral duties, by refined speculations of our understandings, concerning the dictates of the moral sense, and the essential differences of things, or the immutable excellence of virtue and turpitude of vice.

Warburton next wanders still further from his road of inquiry, to attack and defeat Mandeville, who, as is generally known, in his fable of the bees, broaches the atrocious doctrine, that private vices are public benefits, and that vice is absolutely necessary for a rich and powerful society. While Rousseau would lead mankind back to the coarseness, vulgarity, squalid poverty, and barbarous usages of savage life, Mandeville would transfer them to a state of riotous luxury and extravagance, amidst civilization and refinement, and stimulate them to vice and excess, by persuading them that the more licentious they become in private, the more largely they con-

tribute to the prosperity and aggrandizement of the state. Thus, under the mere equivocal of the term luxury—which is innocent in its minor degrees, and becomes criminal only when carried to excess, and amounts to a vile abuse—he would not simply throw off the muzzle of all restraints from the passions, but spur them forwards in their criminal career, by all the motives of interest and ambition. The veil of this sophistry, however, is too flimsy to deceive the feeblest or most imperfect vision. This attempt to wound the sacred cause of morals and religion, has only added another to the list of those artifices by which Atheists and infidels have unceasingly labored to assail them. In the perusal of works of this kind, the reflection has often struck my mind, that if infidels of all ages could be convened into one assembly, and should enter upon the task of forming a system of principles in morals, politics, and religion, which should be received among them, and then carried into practical operation in their lives, what an image of Babel would their council display? No two among them would exactly accord in sentiments, and the whole group of their opinions when collected together, would be found so discordant and hostile, that, like Epicurus' atoms, they would dance about in their heads, sometimes places as empty as his chaos, and discover no law to bring them to adhesion, and no affinities to lead them to incorporate. If Cicero remarked of the Greek philosophers, that there was no opinion so absurd as not to be held by some one among them, with equal justness of observation, may we not assert, that there are no arguments however stupid and untenable, and no methods of attack, however unprincipled, to which infidels have not resorted, in order to extinguish the faith, subvert the morals, and sap the peace, order and harmony of society. The issue of the exertions made by this zealous fraternity, however, is finely depicted by Warburton in the conclusion of his ironical dedication to them. "Herodotus tells us, says he, that the Egyptians, at what time their Deity, the Nile, returns into his ancient channel; and the husbandman hath committed the good seed to the opening glebe, it was their custom to turn in whole droves of swine, to range, to trample, root up, and destroy at pleasure. And now nothing appeared but desolation, while the ravages of the obscene herd had killed every cheerful hope of future plenty. When, on the issue, it was seen that all their perversity and dirty taste had effected was only this, that the seed took better root, incorporated more kindly with the soil, and at length shot up in a more luxuriant and abundant harvest." Christians may rest assured, that similar to this scene will be the results in every

future instance, in which what is sound and true in morals and religion, shall be assaulted by evil minded men. The gospel in its purity and divine power, will stand like its own house which was built upon a rock; the rains may descend, the floods arise, and the winds blow and beat upon this house, but it will not fall, for it is founded upon a rock.

THE INFANT ASTRONOMER.

BY H. F. GOULD.

WHAT, my child! awaked so soon?

And a tear about thine eye!

"Mother, oh! I want the moon

And stars—but they're too high!

They are all so high!"

Lose thine evening cradle sleep.

For the moon and starry beams?

"Yes—they wake me; or they keep

Around me in my dreams—

Twinkling through my dreams!

"What's the path so snowy white,

Shining there as bright as day?"

That's all paved with orbs of light—

'Tis called the MILKY WAY.

"Called the *Milky Way*?

"Is it by the angels trod?—

Can I tread it when I die?

May I have for *mine*, the God

Of all the starry sky—

All the shining sky?

"Mother, now I'll go to rest,

When I've sung, and said my prayer.

Here's the song I love the best—

'Thy God is every where!'

God is every where:

"In the blue and beaming sky—

Through the land—upon the sea—

While his kind and sleepless eye

Is watching over me—

Never turned from me."

Sleep!—and O, thou God above,

Keep this holy trust of mine,

Under thy soft wing of love—

His spirit light from thine!

Seal my child as thine!

THE SEA.

BY JNO. C. M'CABE.

The sea! the sea! the open sea!—*Barry Cornwall.*

Oh had I my wish, in my pride I would be
A wild careless rover upon the wild sea;
Oh the glorious sea with its proud dashing foam,
Should be to the wand'rer his fearless barque's home!

What tho' storm and tempest should sweep in their wrath
O'er the waves of the deep, and along my wild path,
The fierce hissing lightnings like serpents should twine,
And the phosphoric billows should gloomily shine—

Yet away, yet away, over breaker and wave
I would heedlessly dash, and their rude dangers brave;
Each feeling of fear in my bosom should sleep,
As proudly my barque cut her way thro' the deep.

Oh give me the sea, the all-glorious sea!
Its might is so wondrous, its spirit so free!
And its billows beat time to each pulse of my soul,
Which, impatient like them, cannot yield to control.

And let me, when dying, but know that the wave
Is rolling along from its deep coral cave,
To bear my lone corpse to its bed in the deep,
How calmly my spirit would hush it to sleep.

Then down thro' the glassy, the billowy sea,
My corpse should be borne, and the sweet minstrelsy
Of dirge-chanting billows around me should break,
And from caves of the ocean wild echos should wake.

Oh who would not live on the ocean so wild,
When its billows look bright as the smiles of a bride?
And who would not glory his vigils to keep,
With the stars o'er his head, and around him—THE DEEP!

'Twas my cradle in childhood,—that ocean so proud,
And in death I will claim its bright waves for my shroud:
Let no sad tears be shed, when I die, over me,
But bury me deep in the sea, in the sea!

LITERARY SMALL TALK.

BY EDGAR A. POE.

GIBBON'S "splendid and stately but artificial style," is often discussed; yet its *details* have never, to my knowledge, been satisfactorily pointed out. The peculiar construction of his sentences, being since adopted by his imitators without that just reason which, perhaps, influenced the historian, has greatly vitiated our language. For in these imitations the body is copied, without the soul, of his phraseology. It will be easy to show wherein his chief peculiarity lies—yet this, I believe, has never been shown. In his autobiography he says—"Many experiments were made before I could hit the middle tone between a dull chronicle, and a rhetorical declamation." The immense theme of the decline and fall required precisely the kind of sentence which he habitually employed. A world of essential, or at least of valuable, information or remark, had either to be omitted altogether, or *collaterally* introduced. In his endeavours thus to *crowd in* his vast stores of research, much of the artificial will, of course, be apparent; yet I cannot see that any other method would have answered as well. For example, take a passage at random:

"The proximity of its situation to that of Gaul, seemed to invite their arms; the pleasing, although doubtful, intelligence of a pearl-fishery, attracted their avarice; and, as Britain was viewed in the light of a distant and insulated world, the conquest scarcely formed any exception to the general system of continental measures; after a war of about forty years, undertaken by the most stupid, maintained by the most dissolute, and terminated by the most timid of all the emperors, the far greater part of the island submitted to the Roman yoke."

The facts and allusions here indirectly given might have been easily dilated into a page. It is this *indirectness* of observation, then, which forms the soul of the style of Gibbon, of which the apparently pompous phraseology is the body.

Another peculiarity, somewhat akin to this, has less reason to recommend it, and grows out of an ill-concealed admiration and imitation of Johnson, whom he styles "a bigoted,

yet vigorous mind." I mean the coupling in one sentence matters that have but a very shadow of connexion. For instance—

"The Life of Julian, by the Abbé de la Breterie, first introduced me to the man and to the times, *and* I should be glad to recover my first essay on the truth of the miracle which stopped the rebuilding of the temple at Jerusalem." This laughable Gibbonism is still a great favourite with the *stellæ minores* of our literature.

In the historian's statements regarding the composition of his work, there occurs a contradiction worthy of notice. "I will add a fact"—he in one place says—"which has seldom occurred in the composition of six quartos; my rough MMS. without any intermediate copy, has been sent to press. In other passages he speaks of "frequent experiments," and states distinctly, that "three times did he compose the first chapter, twice the second and third"—and that "the fifteenth and sixteenth chapters have been reduced, by successive revisals, from a large volume to their present size;" upon every page of the work, indeed, there is most ample evidence of the *limæ labor*.

Voltaire betrays, on many occasions, an almost incredible ignorance of antiquity and its affairs. One of his saddest blunders is that of assigning the Canary Islands to the Roman empire.

There is something of *naivete*, if not much of logic, in these words of the Germans to the Ubii of Cologne, commanding them to cast off the Roman yoke. "Postulamus a vobis"—say they—"muros coloniæ, munimenta servitii, detrahatis; etiam fera animalia, si clausa teneas, virtutis obliviscuntur."

THE MODERN GREEK.

BY THOS. R. HOFLAND.

"BRING forth my arms!" the youthful warrior cried,
"And my good steed, to battle for the right,
This day we crush the tyrant in his pride,
Or sleep on glory's crimson bed to night.

Sweet Myrra, gird my falchion to my side,
Lace my bright helmet firmly o'er my brow—
And be *thou* firm, my heart's elected bride,
I'll love thee less if thou dost tremble now.

Nay, my fair sister, cling not to my knee;
Dash from thine eyelid that rebelling tear,
Among a people struggling to be free,
E'en childhood's bosom should be free from fear.

Here on the spot where my brave father fell,
Oh God of armies! listen to my prayer:
Be thou my guide amid the battle's swell,
Teach when to strike, and prompt me when to spare!

If in my breast one thought unholy dwells,
Of private vengeance, may it wither now;
If aught save patriot-love my sword impels,
May patriot-laurels never deck my brow.

Give me once more to see my country free
From foreign insult, and from native shame;
Restore her sacred birth-right—Liberty!
Her ancient glory and unsullied fame.

Awake the slumbering genius of the land,
And let the sire teach it to the son,
How he hath sprung from the immortal band
Who fought and bled at holy Marathon.

No more let minions bend the supple knee,
No slaves crouch low to the oppressor's rod,
But boldly rising from their bondage free,
Walk forth erect in thine own image, God!"

Thus spoke the hero—and then vaulting light
On his good steed, he hastened to the fight.
Long 'mid the thickest fray he fought, and well,
'Till neath a hundred wounds he nobly fell
On Freedom's soil, the champion of the free—
And his last words were,—"*Greece and Liberty!*"

MUTUAL SYMPATHY;
OR
CHANGES IN HUMAN FEELINGS.

BY J. EVANS SNODGRASS.

The rose is sweetest washed with morning dew,
And love is loveliest when embalmed in tears.

Lady of the Lake.

Pity is akin to love. Grief prepares the affections for the sway of that seducing tyrant.—*Randolph's Letters.*

A DELIGHTFUL day in the early part of September 183— found Mr. L——, a wealthy merchant of the city of New York, an occupant of one of the cars on the Amboy and Bordentown Railroad, but recently completed. He was seated at a window in that reverie which generally characterises the thoughts of those who are in the midst of strangers, and especially when passing over a country whose features are so changeless and uninteresting, as those of the region through which this road passes. In one hand he held a bunch of beautiful roses he had purchased at the New York wharf, from a little girl who accosted him with—“*Buy some roses, sir—purty roses.*” Their leaves had become somewhat withered; and the agitated air was sweeping them, one by one, from their parent stems, to be wafted on the wings of the fragrance-loving breeze, along the train of cars. In a neighboring car was seated a fair stranger, who was in apparent unconsciousness, striving to arrest the rose leaves as they passed. Her movements soon attracted the attention of Mr. L——, who perceiving that she did not observe him, determined to prolong an opportunity for beholding the face of one who appeared to possess no ordinary beauty of form and expression. For this end he contributed to the more rapid separation of the leafets by twirling the bunch of flowers in his fingers. Through this means they were made to flutter still more numerous, past the head of the fair traveller. Before, however, a sufficient time had been allowed, for the full gratification of his vision, the presence and gaze of Mr. L——, were revealed to her—suspicions being awakened by the increasing rapidity of the flight, and the

number of the leaves as they hurried by. She instantly withdrew her head, with a modesty becoming woman, blushing deeply, at the very thought of her conduct having been tributary to the amusement of an entire stranger.

The apparent beauty, name and residence of the artless stranger, were themes which occupied our friend's thoughts during the few minutes which were to follow. The tones of the signal-bell soon announced the termination of their railway travel, when they were about to exchange a narrow car for the roomy apartments of a steam-boat, and a confined atmosphere for delightful river-breezes. The exchange was gratifying in the extreme, to Mr. L——, who delighted in the anticipation of again seeing and becoming acquainted with, the fair one whose sweet features and modest deportment had attracted his attention.

The moment he entered the after-deck his eye met that of the unknown lady, whose deep blushes disclosed the fact that she recognized him; whilst a slight convulsion of her frame and a downcast look, gave evidence of her fears that he might be bold enough to approach her. She was hanging upon the arm of a gentleman of middle age, who appeared to be her father. Mr. L—— learned his name from the captain of the boat; and with its annunciation flashed upon his mind a recollection of the fact, that it was borne by a gentleman of the South, with whom his father had once enjoyed an intercourse of intimacy, and of whose estimable qualities he had frequently heard him speak. That he was the individual in question, there could be no doubt. Approaching him becomingly and presenting his hand, he said—"Mr. Ransdale I presume I have the pleasure of meeting with?"

"That is my name," was the reply, "but you have the advantage of me, sir."

"My name is Livermore; I recognised your name as borne by an old acquaintance of my father, who once lived in New York."

"Ah indeed! a son of my old friend, Col. Livermore, I suppose I have the pleasure of seeing. I am happy to make your acquaintance! How did you leave your worthy father?"

"In good health. He would be grieved to learn that you had passed through our city, without his having the pleasure of a visit from you. Why did you not call on him, sir?"

"It would afford me much pleasure to renew his acquaintance, which was lost by my removal to the South. I was not sure, however, that he was at present a resident of New York,"—was returned with a bow.

Mr. Ransdale now introduced the young stranger to his daughter, who had been a silent listener to their conversation; and after some further observations, left her in the care of her new acquaintance, to look after his baggage, whose safety required attention. The name of Henry Livermore was a sufficient guarantee for the comfort and safety of his daughter.

Mary—for that was her unassuming name—for the choice of which her parents searched rather the scriptures, than fashionable novels—was such a being as any one might have been delighted to claim as an acquaintance. Naturally of a finely proportioned form and expressive countenance, and, more than all, possessed of unusual intelligence, she manifested a vivacity of thought and animation of soul, which were plainly mirrored by her quick blue eye. Though already passed that age which always attaches to heroines described according to the false taste of a modern fashion—which converts children into women,—she seemed artless indeed for one over whose head was rolling her eighteenth year. Being the only daughter of a wealthy southern planter, with a kind and doating mother, her parents and her books afforded sufficient enjoyments to fill up the measure of her bliss; so that she had been but little in company, to use a common phrase. Her manners were easy, natural, and free from that affectation, which is too frequently the bane of young ladies “turned out” at an age so young that their actions assume an air forced and unnatural, which they seldom lose,—rendering their conduct disgusting to men of good sense and correct taste, such as he with whom Mary Ransdale was now conversing. Besides she was a traveller for the first time. Her father had taken her as a companion of travel, to the Northern watering places; from which he was returning at the time to which my story refers. One who has passed through such varying scenery as beautifies the Hudson—with its palisades, its deep ravines, and lofty “rock-ribbed” hills, that appear striving which can first reach the blue sky and wear it as a mantle for their giant forms—and its many water-falls which pour down their musical streams—will not wonder that Mary’s perceptions, her tone of thought and expression, should be rendered more than ever animated and interesting; and that her companionship should be delightful in the extreme. Such did it appear to our friend Livermore.

When Mr. Ransdale left them, Henry proposed a walk upon the promenade-deck; to which Mary, of course, consented. Their conversation, at first, turned upon the arti-

ficial beauties of the scenery along the river over whose bosom they were now passing. At length our friend, referring to the incidents of the morning, playfully observed—"I was sorry, Miss Ransdale, you could not catch the rose leaves that were wafted past you when in the cars. I felt disposed to present the entire bunch, such as it was, but—"

"Really Mr. Livermore, I was unconscious of your presence, and indeed of my actions themselves, or I should not have dared to attract the gaze of an entire stranger. I felt no little mortified when I discovered the source from whence they came, and the fact of your assisting their flight, and—"

"I hope," interrupted Henry, "you will pardon the liberty I took in thus amusing myself at the expense of your frequent disappointments. I intended, I assure you, nothing disrespectful. As a stranger, I should be the last to make improper advances. I was led by a *strange impulse*, for which I cannot account, to continue the dislodgment of the leaves!"

"There is no apology needed sir, since nothing improper was intended," she blushing replied, startled at the last sentence uttered by Henry. She feared it was intended for coquetry. If sincere, thought she, it is full of meaning. She was at a loss for a moment in which light to view it. But, of course, she seemed not to have heard it, as modesty would dictate.

"I hope then, Miss Ransdale," continued he smilingly, "so far from being a cause of self-condemnation, this little incident of travel, may be considered by you as one of those occurrences in our history, to which, in future life, we recur with pleasure. So far as my own feelings are concerned, I am sure I do not regret it; because it has led to our acquaintance. Learning your father's name from the captain of the boat, I recognized it as one familiar to my ear, and borne by an old acquaintance of my father. I determined to embrace so favorable an opportunity for an introduction to you. I will merely take the liberty of remarking, that I hope the present may not be our last meeting. I expect at no far distant day, to make the tour of the south, if the state of my business will allow of my absence. In such case, I shall certainly avail myself of the advantages of your society. If, however, such a privilege should not be allowed me, I hope we may again meet when you visit our watering-places, on board a steam boat or rail road car, and becoming *better acquainted*, refer with pleasure to the rose leaves as the cause of our introduction!"

When innocence and artlessness hold sway in the hearts of young females, they are apt to note with interest every word

and look of gentlemen, and to attach a sincerity and depth of meaning, to the sentences which fall from their lips, they were never intended to convey. Such was the case with Mary Ransdale. "There is something in his emphatic manner," thought she, "which indicates more than mere formality and complimentary language. Else why should he refer to the chances of our again meeting—to his intended southern tour, &c."

With such reflections was Mary's mind engaged, whilst Mr. Livermore paused for a reply, which she seemed to have forgotten to offer, as the nature of his declarations required.

Whether from an innate vanity which moves the feelings of the most artless, in more or less force, or from a *benevolence* of heart, for which woman is remarkable, young ladies are more apt to be charitable, than suspicious and rigid, in their scrutiny. Hence, they are ready to allow the best possible motives for gentlemen's conduct. Such was the judgment of Mary on the occasion to which we refer.

"How delightful the artificial scenery along this stream!" remarked our friend, by way of changing the current of Mary's reflections, which a confused look she attempted to conceal, revealed to him; "do you observe how very neat that cottage?—how green the little yard?—how sweet the shrubbery and flowers that fringe its walks? It is a delightful spot. What a pleasant summer residence it would be!"

"Delightful, beautiful, indeed!" exclaimed Mary. "There are many such along this sweet river, I noticed on our journey to the springs. They indicate much taste on the part of their owners."

"How would a residence in one of those humble cottages, comport with the feelings of one who, judging from the wealth of your father, like yourself, has been reared amid far different scenes?" inquired our friend playfully.

"Very well," was the reply. "I could be perfectly happy with my dear parents and—"

"And *whom*?" interrupted Mr. Livermore, pretending to anticipate the revelation of a secret about to be unconsciously uttered. "Who is that person whose name your lips refused to utter?"

"I was about to add the name of my brother who has been, for some time, absent in Europe, but is expected to return shortly."

"But is there no one else Miss Ransdale," he repeated mischievously, "whom you are so anxious to see?"

But perceiving that he had pressed the question so frequently, as to confuse the fair girl's feelings to no slight extent, and

that he was presuming rather much on their short acquaintance, he added, "I hope you will excuse my jests, which are, perhaps, carried too far. I must not insist on your revealing your secrets to me, or on my being considered your confessor. Besides, I fear you may consider me far too presumptuous for a comparative stranger. I use the expression *comparative*, because I feel as though our acquaintance had been measured by years, instead of hours. From the intimacy between your father and mine, I could not long feel estranged. Indeed, there is something in this companionship of travel, which, under any circumstances, forbids that degree of reserve we all practice under different circumstances. We feel a mutual dependence on each other, which begets sociality among even the cold and forbidding; and I have often thought that we more nearly approach the line of duty in our conduct towards our fellow beings, on such occasions, than at any other time. There is too much restraint in our daily intercourse. If we acted more from natural impulse, we should contribute far more abundantly to the comfort and happiness of each other. The cold formalities and rules of etiquette, we are compelled to observe, rob life of one half of its pleasures."

"You speak truly," observed Mary—whose thoughts had been diverted from the train in which they had been moving, to a meditation upon the moral influences of travel—"I have frequently noticed the changes of conduct you have described, in others, and felt them myself."

There are no thoughts more absorbing than those which arise from an analysis of our motives, and an examination of the real springs of human actions. Mr. Livermore himself, was led away from the subject on which they had been previously conversing, by the reflections in which his mind was indulging. Determined, however, to resume it, he said pleasantly—"But as it regards the comparison of our domestic inducements, permit me to remark, that I have yet to be convinced that yours are as powerful as my own. If you will tell me candidly the *real* cause of your *anxiety* to arrive at home, I will confess, with equal candor, the objects that attract my heart to the monumental city."

"I have a mother whom I dearly love, a brother from whom I am inseparable, who, as I remarked, was expected to have returned ere this—a numerous circle of relatives—besides a host of kind dependents, who are ever glad to witness the return of those to whom they are subjected. *Stronger* inducements I cannot imagine. Now I shall be pleased to hear your confessions," she added with a faltering voice she in vain attempted to command—anxious to be relieved of the mental

suspense she was suffering, yet afraid to meet with a disappointment in the annunciation of the facts, she distrusted her ability to conceal.

"Oh!" exclaimed he, with emphasis and triumphant smiles, "I have inducements far stronger. I claim among the present population of the city to which I am travelling, a lovely *wife*, and as sweet a little daughter as ever gladdened the heart of a fond parent, or added fresh bliss to existence!"

Summing up all her self-composure, with an air of agreeable disappointment, Mary said smilingly—"No doubt, then, our anxiety is equally intense. If it be true that the 'home is where the heart is,' it explains the circumstance of your speaking so often of the city of monuments, instead of New York, as though it were your home; for of course your heart is with Mrs. Livermore. Agreeably disappointed by the disclosures you have made, I must beg leave to express a hope, that you may speedily arrive, and find your lady in the enjoyment of perfect health!"

"Permit me to indulge a like sentiment on your behalf, Miss Ransdale!"

Ladies profess to feel far less reserve in the society of married, than single gentlemen. What Mary's real feelings would have been under ordinary like circumstances, she now feigned and appeared to converse with much less restraint than before. Yet, notwithstanding her efforts to conceal the fact, she felt keenly under the disclosure that was made. The truth was, from the first moment of their short acquaintance, she was forcibly struck with the noble person, fine intellectual face, and, withal, bewitching voice, of Mr. Livermore; and feelings gushed forth from the deep fountains of her heart, whose current cannot, at times, be fully suppressed.

As the last words I have quoted fell from the lips of the travellers, the bell announced their arrival at the Philadelphia wharf. The Baltimore boat remained just long enough for Mr. Livermore to see Mr. Ransdale and his daughter, comfortably seated in a hack, which was to convey them to a hotel—for business required a delay of a few hours in the City of brotherly love. After the usual parting compliments were interchanged, they passed a *farewell*; and the hackman hurried from view.

Mr. Livermore was now alone. His thoughts were left to an undisturbed retrospection of his conduct during the morning. In this he, of course, found much to condemn. He had been guilty of the despicable crime of deception and male-coquetry—the vilest of all coquetry—had passed himself off for a single man, and bestowed many little attentions calcu-

lated to make a favorable impression on the heart of one artless and unsuspecting as Mary Ransdale. But he hushed, in some degree, a guilty and complaining conscience, by the reflection, that it was not his intention to *leave* Mary resting under the belief, that he was unmarried, but to disabuse her mind, even sooner than he really had done. Yet, so detestable and diabolical do men of fine feelings, consider male-coquetry, that he was still unable to feel, for a time, otherwise than self-condemned. No one, nevertheless, could boast a more noble spirit than Henry Livermore's. He would have been the last man *designedly* to injure, in the slightest manner, the feelings of that tender sex, to whose charms we owe half our enjoyments. Deprived of whose society man would, in truth, be "a world without a sun." He had manifested clearly *his* opinion of their worth, by selecting from their ranks, one as a companion in his hours of suffering or pleasure, woe or bliss.

A scene awaited the arrival of our friend in Baltimore, of which he little dreamed in his hours of merriment. A fearful disease was sweeping over our land, claiming its victims from every city, and from all ranks. It was no respecter of persons. The proudest nabob and the most abject beggar, felt alike its power. Just as the lightning expands its destructive force, upon the cottage or the costly and elevated mansion, as either may lie in its track; or as the blighting frost destroys alike the most attractive, with the least admired, flower; so this pestilence cut down the young and beautiful, equally with the less favored of our race. Among its victims was Anna Livermore, the wife of Henry; who barely arrived in time to witness the close of her agonies. He threw his arms around her emaciated form, and in bitterness of spirit, pressed her cold lips with his own, breathing the prayer in which the emotions of his soul, mingled in deep toned aspirations—"that God would restore his Anna!" But, alas! his supplication was of no avail. The spirit winged its flight, and left him to gaze upon the cold and lifeless face of her whom he left, but a short time previous, in the enjoyment of perfect health. Their little babe soon followed its mother, to a world more befitting the purity of its angel-like soul. Its father, with a heart too full to find relief in the gentle flow of tears, and with the complacency of gratitude, rather than emotions of regret, gazed upon the sweet image of its mother, as its eyes became calmly fixed in the sleep of death. Its last breathings appeared to his ear, as the music of a seraph's wing.

No imagination can describe the deep-toned anguish of that man's heart, who is suddenly deprived of the dearest object of his affections—compared with which all others sink, as it were, into nonentity. To that being who has proved herself worthy the sacred and endearing appellation of *wife*, how cling the affections! Their tendrils are, indeed, so firmly entwined, that like the vine which embraces some tender tree, they become the more inseparable as time rolls on, and resist all influences except the stroke of the axe-man, death. This sentiment was verified in the case of Henry Livermore. He loved Anna with a devotion, which should have been felt only when bowing before the shrine of Deity himself. And as a sense of bereavement may be correctly measured by the scale of our attachments, the pangs his broken spirit felt, must have been such as the voice of mourning alone, can declare. Soon after the death of Mrs. Livermore he returned to New York, where his mercantile engagements were suffering for want of his attention. In the bustle of business in that noisy city he found every thing to enhance—nothing to allay—his grief. Almost every object that met his eye, called up before his mind, some picture of associations connected with the fate of her who reposed in a distant grave. The daily appearance of some one of those signals of mortality—the slowly moving hearse—which passed the busy throng unnoticed, thrilled his soul with emotions whose *intensity* may be compared to those of a different kind experienced by the mariner, exposed to the dangers of mid-ocean, as he notes the advance of a death-dealing storm, as indicated by the appearance of some small cloud, which may attract the attention of none besides. He determined to close his business and seek relief in travel. But this required no inconsiderable consumption of time.

It is well for man that he seldom *anticipates* misfortunes—that we love to weave in the gloom of imagination, garments of joy and gladness, rather than those of mourning, and to congratulate ourselves upon the rapid approach of the hour when we shall wear them. The mind turns from the contemplation of the forest stretched out in all its thickening or forbidding gloom, to revel in scenes of sunshine and beauty, such as the verdant lawn presents, when variegated with lovely flowers, and alive with the songs of birds—from the dismal horrors of a tempest-ridden ocean, to view the placid and sunlit bosom of a waveless lake; or to change the figure, we are more disposed to contemplate the charms of budding spring, than the scenes of cold and gloomy winter. But, after all our dreams of future bliss are broken, and we awake

to the realities of present woe, the tendencies of human thought are reversed. Then we are constantly inclined to look upon the pictures of misfortune alone, and brood over them in melancholy sadness. This principle was strikingly illustrated by the experience of our friend Livermore.

The gloomy hours of winter soon came on, and brought with them such companions as moaning winds and wide-spread snows. The latter but served to remind him of the shrouds which encircled the forms of his departed companion and their lovely babe—the former of the wailings of heart-broken relatives, over their graves. As he sat alone before “a hearth made desolate,” his countenance, ever and anon, revealed by the glimmering light of an expiring fire he had forgotten to renew, wore an aspect which denoted the true condition of his heart. “There is,” thought he, “a void in my affections no object can fill. There is a shrine in my bosom, which no being but my dear lost Anna, is worthy to enter—that shrine, alas! has been deprived of its divinity, and rendered desolate, desolate indeed! What charms hath earth for me! None, alas, none! Oh for that relief the silent grave alone can offer!” Such were the thoughts which he not unfrequently uttered sufficiently loud to reach the ears of his acquaintances, who visited him in vain for the purpose of assuaging his griefs.

At length verdant fields and gay flowers and the melodious songs of birds, proclaimed the presence of spring. Yet the vernal season yielded no delights to a bosom in which its association, once, awakened the most gay and blissful emotions. At times he would stroll into the country, hoping to gain some short respite from continued sorrow. Then every object he met was possessed of characteristics which served but to render less frangible his usual chain of thought. Among the little warblers of the grove, he recognized those to whose charming notes his Anna often listened with delight. Among the subjects of Flora’s kingdom, his eye distinguished many a favorite he used to pluck for her gratification. No other expedient being left untried, to procure relief to his bleeding spirit, travelling was the last resort; and the time appointed for his departure having, at length, arrived, he commenced his contemplated tour.

Some weeks after the date of the incidents last noticed, the attention of the crowd that thronged the halls of one of the most fashionable hotels of Savannah, was particularly attracted by the presence of a traveller whose appearance denoted the effects of either extreme fatigue of travel or deep-toned sorrow. He was, apparently, a man over whose

head the vicissitudes of thirty summers had passed. He was tall and slender in stature, and his features wore an air of seriousness and abstraction in keeping with their pale and wan complexion. His bosom appeared to own no fraternity with those around; for when amid the crowd he never engaged in conversation, nor even moved his lips, except when replying in monosyllabic terms, to the questions of his fellow-travellers. He sat mute and motionless as one entranced, amid the mirth and revelry around him,—which appeared to deepen and confirm his thoughts instead of absolving them from the subject which was the constant theme of his contemplations. In him the reader will recognize our friend Henry Livermore.

A week passed, some of whose hours Henry spent in a survey of the city and its environs, and other objects as nature and art presented for observation,—indulging in such amusements as were best calculated to divert and relieve his mind. One day he would stroll through the tall groves which surrounded the country seat of the wealthy southerner, or feast his sight upon the wild or cultivated flowers that bloomed beneath a southern sun—on another he would engage some little boat and its experienced oarsman, and sail far upon the bosom of the beautiful Savannah, to view the scenery that fringes its banks, and watch the careerings of the light gull and untiring swallow as they, ever and anon, swept the bright waters with their wings. But these sources afforded comparatively little relief to his bereaved feelings. It seemed in vain that he strove to remove the burden which, mountain-like, hung upon his breast, and threatened even the destruction of his health. His heart appeared entombed with her whose being seemed blended indissolubly with his own.

At length the sun of the peaceful sabbath cast his rays upon the city. All nature wore a face of smiles; and the very birds that sang from the branches of the beautiful China-trees which adorn the streets, seemed to essay new, and sweeter, melodies, for the very purpose of causing the heart of Henry Livermore to forget its griefs. The church-bells tolled in accents loud and clear; and appeared to be inviting him to behold the congregated scores of fair daughters, that crowded the aisles of the sanctuary—of whom a poet of the South has, lately, sung—

Like sylvan flowers, they sweetly shine,
Their hearts are pure as pearls!
And grace and goodness circle them,
Where'er their footsteps roam,—

and to seek among them for a heart to *sympathize* with and share his woes. He accordingly bent his steps to one of the churches. Habiliments of mourning, which contrasted strongly with the white and gay dress of many a thoughtless girl, gave evidence that the pestilence had not passed Savannah unharmed. The minister of God, did not fail to use the facts the history of their sufferings unfolded, to impress upon the minds of his auditory, the importance of heeding the warnings they had witnessed. When he spoke of the dear ties of affection, which had been severed, many an eye became moistened and bore witness to the sentiment that "*the test of affection's a tear.*" There was one among the multitude, whose heart was too full for silence, and found relief in audible and convulsive grief:—

"And then, at length, her tears in freedom gushed,
Big, bright, and fast, they now in torrents fell."

She was beautiful indeed; and her sorrow seemed only to contribute new interest and angelic sweetness, to her already lovely face. She, at once, attracted the attention of Henry; who imagined in her the personification of his poor lamented Anna; and his imagination converted her into a very goddess. His determination was fixed, to seek in her society, that consolation his bleeding spirit had, hitherto, sighed for in vain. But how to make her acquaintance, was the sad question.

As Mr. Livermore passed from the church door at the close of the services, he observed an aged servant leaning upon his staff. Anxious to seize every means of obtaining the end he now so ardently desired, he approached the old man and inquired earnestly, in the language he knew was familiar to the ear of such aged dependants—"Uncle, can you tell me who that young lady was who showed so much sorrow in church to-day?"

"Now massa! you ax po nigger dat, when you knows yoursef! You tend you no knows my massa, who libed so long close to Sabanner?" was the reply of the astonished son of Africa, who supposed *his* master was of sufficient importance to be known by all.

"How should *I* know your master? I am a stranger here? But do tell me, who that young lady was? Your young mistress, I suppose, from what you say?"

"Den if you is stranger, me tell you. She is my young missis—God bess her; she cry kase she loss her muder; she is name Mary Ransdale."

"*Mary Ransdale!*" muttered Henry hurriedly to himself, as a recognition of her name as one familiar, and borne by some acquaintance flashed upon him—and he asked further, "how far does her father live from town, uncle?"

"Bout two miles, massa, out dat dare road"—pointing to a road over which our friend had passed in one of his strolls.

"Is your young mistress pretty?" inquired Henry, in a voice suppressed, for fear of being overheard—startled, also, at the utterance of such a query by himself, so long had it been since a thought of female beauty, dared to enter into his sorrowing mind.

"Yes, massa, she is one lubly chil! She so good to po niggers," he answered with unaffected delight and gratitude.

Thanking him, and placing a small reward in his withered palm, the querist returned to the hotel.

The sun of the succeeding morn had ascended high in his pathway, over the blue sky, before the traveller arose from a couch, on which he found but little repose; and he was aroused by the voice of a servant, from a disturbed dream, in which he imagined himself gazing upon the sweet form of his deceased Anna. She seemed to be at one moment reposing in a calm and refreshing slumber, as he leant over her and watched her gentle breathing—then the dread reality would flash upon him, that her sleep was the unbroken sleep of the grave.

It was a lovely morning. A gentle summer shower, accompanied by the purifying influences of electric clouds, had rendered the atmosphere cool and oderiferous. The rain-drops which rested upon every spear of grass, and expanding floweret, and hung like polished diamonds from the overshadowing branches of every tree, reflected beautifully the rays of the morning sun, and imparted new charms to the scenery through which Henry Livermore was passing, as he directed his footsteps towards the mansion of *Mr. Ransdale*.

Mary and her father were both surprised and delighted to receive a visit from him; although they did not recognize him until he announced his name, and referred to their accidental meeting on board the New York boat. The mention of the circumstance called up associations in the mind of the fair maiden, which were indicated by a slight tinge of her pale cheek, that did not escape the eye of their visitor. Mary at once, inquired concerning the health of *Mrs. Livermore*; which led to the disclosure of facts, that were both unknown and unwelcome to her—although suspicions were, in some degree, aroused by the altered visage of their guest.

An interchange of the pictures of their griefs, was soon passed; in the detail of which, they appeared deeply, and mutually, interested. Each seemed relieved and consoled to no small extent, and happy in the thought that they had met as those who could feel a mutual sympathy. They unburthened their thoughts with freedom—each delighted to find in the breast of the other, chords of feeling that would thrill in symphony of tone. As the old gentleman sat silently listening to the plaintive tale of woe which each, in turn, related, his heart became deeply affected, and tears rolled down his aged cheek, from eyes whose fountains had been but seldom unsealed. Thus, there are occasions when the emotions of the most stern and unyielding bosom, are dissolved, and find relief and consolation in outward grief.

Mr. Livermore found Savannah more and more inviting, and passed away several weeks, far more pleasantly than he anticipated. He did not forget, however, to visit frequently the mansion of the wealthy planter—whose hospitality was grateful to the feelings of a bereaved stranger. "It is a delightful retreat," thought he; "and then Miss Ransdale knows so well how to appreciate my bereavements. She has felt what it is to lose one's dearest friend. How strikingly her deportment verifies the sentiment of the Roman poet—'that we learn from suffering ourselves, how to succour or condole others.'"

These children of sorrow, might have been often seen seated in the piazza, watching the movements of the stars, and the boat-like motions of the silvery moon, as she appeared to sail swiftly past the light clouds, which ever and anon, obscured her light. Often would Henry refer to the moments, when such scenes formed themes for the meditation of himself and his "long-lost" companion, as Mary would sigh in tones of unaffected sympathy; and she would *almost* wish that the grave could restore its victim to the arms of her heart-broken husband.

At length Mr. Livermore proceeded farther southward. The kind wishes and solicitude of Mary, accompanied him, as was evident from her conduct after his departure. Night after night she would sit beside some window, and watch the shadows of moon-light as they moved, like spectres, over the green sward of the yard, or appeared in flickering dancings upon the lattice; until the voice of her kind father, would arouse her from her reveries, and warn her of the lateness of the hour.

She manifested daily an increasing anxiety for the arrival of the post-servant, and began to express great anxiety to hear

from her brother James—who had not yet returned from Europe, to the exciting of no little solicitude in the mind of his father.

She perused the newspapers with more than usual interest. One day, as she looked hurriedly over the pages of a city paper, she turned suddenly pale, and staggered to her chamber. Her father followed, and inquired, affectionately, the cause of her change of countenance; but she made no reply. An examination of a leading editorial, disclosed to him a fact, at which he, too, was deeply grieved. It gave an account of a dreadful steam-boat disaster, by which a number of lives were lost. Among the list of scalded was the name Mr. — Livermore. "There can be no doubt," thought he, "that it is my young friend, *Henry Livermore!*" "The circumstances of the *blank* in the name was proof conclusive, that it was some *stranger*. As, therefore, *he* was a stranger, it must be the identical individual," in the opinion of Mary, who appeared deeply distressed for the poor "friendless man," as she styled him.

The night succeeding the reception of the above news, was a long and a sad night to the benevolent Mary Ransdale. Its hours had well nigh passed away, before sleep visited the couch of the damsel. Her brain throbbed with long and exciting meditation. Towards the dawn of day, she sank into a disturbed and dreamful sleep. With the feelings of a magnetized somnambulist, she was transported to New Orleans, and was an inmate of one of the fine hotels of that city, as the wife of Henry Livermore. While seated in her chamber one day, her attention was attracted by a great confusion of loud voices in the hall beneath. Alarmed, she hastily inquired the cause. A steam-boat boiler had exploded, and the lifeless bodies of many passengers, were floating upon the water's bosom. It was the very boat in which she expected Henry to return, from a business-trip up the Mississippi. At the annunciation, she swooned away. When consciousness returned, she found him leaning over her apparently life-forsaken form, with his arms clasped around her neck, and his eyes upturned to heaven in solemn, silent, prayer. Exclaiming in frantickness of feeling—"My dear husband are you safe?" she again fainted away. Her convulsive struggles awoke her; and thus ended a dream, in which there was far more of painful, than pleasing imagining. Although the mere illusion of a vision, she felt the most pungent mortification at the idea of being in the arms of a stranger, and bestowing upon him the appellation of "dear husband."

On the following day, a swiftly moving hack conveyed the supposed victim of steam-boat carelessness and ignorance, to Mr. Ransdale's; where he spent a few hours, if possible, more pleasantly than before his absence, finding the southern planter's daughter as much a sympathising friend as ever.

On the evening of the 25th of June, exactly ten months after the date of the meeting described in the commencement of my simple and unpretending story, the road which leads from Savannah, to the country seat of Mr. Ransdale, was thronged with carriages, whose horses appeared to catch the feelings of gaiety which attached to their occupants, and to course their way with an unusual fleetness—whilst the brilliant light which flashed from every window, and the hum of merry voices, denoted an occasion of no ordinary nature. On that night the voice of the minister pronounced Mary Ransdale, the happy bride of the *unhap*—I meant to say, reader—thrice happy Henry Livermore. They could now refer with delight to the "*rose leaves*," as the cause of their acquaintance; and to the circumstance that Henry spoke of as one of those little incidents of life, which constitute the links of the chain of being, which like that of the geometer, preserves its lengths unbroken through all the tangled labarynth of life.

Reader! when you think of Mary Ransdale, you will feel the force of the sentiment of that eccentric bachelor of Roanoke, who was well acquainted with the human heart—which forms part of my mottoes—*Pity is akin to love*.

THE FLOWRET'S WARNING.

"I'M withered now! Once in the dew
I laved my leafets, as the sun
On yon dear garden's bosom, threw
His rays each opening bud, upon.

Then I looked gay, nor bowed my head
As now when in this room I stand—
The dew my drink, I daily fed
On food prepared by Nature's hand."

Look to the lesson, ye who live
Secluded from the light of day—
Think not that Nature will re-give
That health the *recluse* wastes away!

S.

W O M A N.

(Extract from an unpublished poem.)

BY N. LANESFORD FOSTER, ESQ.

—
Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco—*Virg.*
—

“Oh! Woman’s heart is like the rose,
That glows beneath the tropic’s flame;—
That blooms as sweet ’mid northern snows,
Forever lovely, and the same.”

BE this my motto: and let deathless praise
Await the author of that peerless verse!
I rather would have penned that sentiment,
Than have achieved the deeds, which stamp the name
Of Cæsar, brave—or Alexander, great!
Once, an illiberal, churlish poet said—
“Frailty! thy name is woman.” And his fame
Ranks high on page poetic, who thus durst
Proscribe the gentle sex: but I will dare
(An humble poet, scarcely known to fame—)
Thus to *redeem* the sentiment, and write—
WOMAN! THY NAME IS LOVE!

For in what place,
What state, what exigence, what trying scene,
Where love, benevolence, or sympathy,
Or deed of noble daring, was required,
Was *not* there found this angel-minister—
This holy PRIESTESS OF HUMANITY!

Who waited on the Saviour; laved his feet
With tears, rich tears,—streams from compassion’s fount,—
And wiped them with her hair? Who brake the box
Of precious ointment, and upon his head—
His sacred head, its costly contents poured?
Who at the cross last lingers, to bewail
Her murdered Saviour? Who prevents the dawn,
And on the wings of love, to see her Lord,
Comes first unto the sepulchre? ’Tis she—
’Tis Woman—lovely Woman! And, in fine,
Wherever Pity dwells, there is her home!

* * * * *

MODERN SOCIETY.

BY AN AGED GENTLEMAN.

La bonne grace est au corps ce que le bon sens est a l'esprit.
La fortune et l'humear gouvernent le monde.

Maxims de la Rochefoucauld.

There are two sorts of good company: one, which is called the Beau Monde, and consists of those people who have the lead in courts, and in the gay part of life; the other consists of those who are distinguished by some peculiar merit, or who excel in some particular or valuable art or science.—*Lord Chesterfield.*

As I was sitting alone in dignified retirement, some evenings ago, by the latter end of a sea-coal fire, revolving in my mind divers matters and things, the present tone of modern society seemed to me a theme whereupon one might amply dilate, without pedantry and impertinence, yet with serious good cause; for although it is far from my intention to form a visionary Utopia of good society, it is by no means a difficult task to point out some evils in the present state of social intercourse, which might, and certainly should, be corrected.

Thus far having premised the nature of the present disquisition, I trust that I may be allowed the privilege of my years, disclaiming, at the same time, either hypercriticism or mere impertinent trifling with my subject; and to disavow any inclination to intrude or to offend. I most sincerely allege, that the evils and abuses which I propose to explain and lay open, are well known by most men of the world, and lamented by every individual, who possesses the most remote discernment or taste. So far as the exposition of fashionable foibles may be made manifest, I must distinctly avow, that no gall of envy or dash of invidious disappointment, shall be permitted to tinge my pen. I speak more in sorrow than in anger; for to the acute observer, fatal seems the produce of those seeds but too universally disseminated throughout what is called good society. The very nature of the social intercourse existing in what is denominated, (how fitly I say not,) the best society or the first circles, is, in its very essence, abhorrent to the purity of our republican institutions. That such is the fact, and the undeniable fact, I trust that I shall be able to show in the subsequent pages. As for the

rest, suffice it to say, that although I seek no enmity, I am nevertheless unwilling to avoid it by the sacrifice of plain truth, and by giving a flattering gloss to what I mean to be my unvarnished speech. "*Nunquam valui populo placere; nam quæ ego scio non probat populus, quæ probat populus, ego nescio.*"*

Now, it must be understood, that I speak of good society, or the first circles; for by these appellations that social intercourse recognized between the more wealthy or the more talented portion of our community, (the nature of our institutions being decidedly adverse to other distinctions,) is intended to be meant. It is more especially to that class, through whose means, and by whose agency, the general tone of our American society is given to foreigners, that these remarks are particularly addressed. It is to those, who by the privileges of their station, the eminency of their condition, and the power of their wealth, are entrusted with the valuable means of setting an example of republican excellency to the world, that I wish most earnestly to direct these pages. Such are, avowedly, the heads of our community; and through them, only, can the great principles of our country's superiority over other governments, be elucidated and brought forth to the world's light. The genius of our republic has entrusted to their arms, as to those of her most favored children, the fostering care of those institutions gained by the most sacred blood of our excellent progenitors. Theirs is the awful responsibility, should corruption undermine those fabrics, reared by the toil and cemented by the sweat of their illustrious ancestors; and they are called upon to guard, with two-fold vigilance, the palladium of our liberties. Through their means alone, can be injured that shrine of freedom, which to preserve undefiled and uncontaminate, should be their proudest, yet tenderest, care; and well ought such to heed, lest by indolent submission to the glittering chains of fashion, the principles of liberty and honesty, should be corrupted or undermined.

This caution is by no means an idle or impertinent advice. If they reflect, but for a moment, upon the vast danger which is incurred by too slavish submission, and too servile adulation and imitation of foreign fopperies and courtly ostentation, such would start in abhorrence from the brink of so awful a precipice, and tear from them, in disgust, those badges of servitude, which to the discerning and wise,—even of those countries, whose follies they so emulously seek to rival,—are

*Seneca, 2, 79.

themes of derision and scorn. Why should the primitive simplicity and honest plainness of the republican, be merged into the empty frippery and unmeaning gaudiness of the smooth courtier? Again, I repeat, such imitations are dissonant to true republicanism; and as the stern and patriotic Spartans, by the power of gold and the allurements of foreign luxury, sank into inglorious ease, and thence into weak and submissive vassalage to other potentates, the fate of this great republic may be marked by a similarly ignominious downfall, should the too eager pursuit of the votary of mammon after the lucre of gain, or the too submissive adulation of the lover of fashion to luxury and ostentation, lay before the eyes of the people, ever too ready to adopt the vices of their fancied superiors, an example of dishonest luxury and impotent ease.

The tone of fashionable society in the present day, is strongly marked by an inordinate appetite for gain, and (with heart-felt sorrow I speak it) an utter disregard of the honesty of those means by which it may be procured. Rarely is the question asked—"is such a man talented? is he virtuous? is he honest?" The general and popular clamor resolves into the question, "Is he rich?"

It is apparent, therefore, that so long as wealth can procure those sole honors and stations, which, under our peculiar form of government, can be conceded, society must be in a corrupt and unnatural state. When gold embraces within itself the dominant power, and can tyrannize equally over talents and virtue, the whole tone of the social intercourse must be governed by Mammon. Before the effulgence of the brilliant metal, learning grows pale, and even virtue comparatively fades. And it is a dangerous governor—a false friend. Its duplicity makes thousands mourn. A casual accident, or an unfortunate speculation, may hurl to the abysses of misfortune and neglect, him, who, in the dawn and noon-day of his prosperity, might have been, and has been, the courted and the admired among those base time-servers who prostitute the name of friendship.

Besides, the mere acquisition of lucre can never confer upon a man those advantages and those acquirements which are peculiarly the privilege of the student and the sage. It is very rarely that we observe talent coupled with treasure or literary polish and taste existing in the same sphere with the golden ore. The acquirement of fortune, especially in our new and, comparatively speaking, infant country, is the result either of hard, untiring, unremitting labor, which can admit of no interval of rest wherein to attend the nobler

sciences, and to wait upon the path of learning; or it may be that it is the offspring of fortuitous occurrence, or unlooked for accident. By the very nature of these events, it is at least improbable that a man of retired and studious habits, could take advantage of either of the two. I by no means affirm, that learning and talent do always languish unrewarded; yet the experience of ages does but too often testify to the fact, that by far the majority of those, who have applied themselves to the cause of literature, have languished in poverty and died in obscurity. That this should be the case in other countries, is neither strange nor marvellous; but that in a country, which boasts its equality of rank, and its similarity of privilege, the pride of wealth should overawe, and, as it were, shoulder genius and talent to the wall, is strangely repugnant to its primary principles.—

*Licet superbus ambulet pecunia,
Fortuna non mutat genus.**

Again, (in order to explain still further our views upon the superiority which wealth reflects in our republican society,) I would call the attention of my readers to the astonishing, yet the humiliating fact, that in the higher classes, or in the first society of our country, there is more real ignorance, more disgusting affectation, more bloated vanity, and more of that impertinent self-sufficiency which takes pertness for wit, vivubility for learning, impudence for good-breeding, and downright insolence for blunt honesty, than can be found in any similar class in any other country. It would appear as though the thoughts of that portion of the community, were more directed towards the absolute extinction of any thing like reasonable and literary conversation, than to the advancement of those polished and refined traits, which they are in honor bound to inculcate, and the example of which it should be their utmost pride to give. This class of society should especially remember, that to use the words of Burton, "learning and virtue in a nobleman is more eminent, and as a jewel set in gold is more precious, and much to be respected, such a man deserves better than others, and is as great an honor to his family as his noble family to him.†

Let me not, however, be supposed to lay too great stress upon the social evils which an excess of badly managed wealth may produce; for the tone of our society is injured in many

*Hor. Epod. 2.

†Burton's Anat. of Mel.; page 21, vol. 2.

ways, besides that of mere luxurious ostentation. Another abuse has crept in among us, which is daily gaining ground. I allude to the well known fact, that above all other people, we, who profess, externally, a republican disregard of rank or birth, are the first to pay them homage, and the most eager in the race of what is called "tuft hunting." This point in the character of our society, inevitably lays us open to impositions so gross, that upon their exposure, it really astonishes the victims of these impostures, that they have not discovered the cheat themselves. Besides the mortification which this fraud is liable to create, the certain ridicule which attends its disclosure, and the sneer of scorn which awaits the deluded, not the deluder, is sure to be directed at them from every quarter. That this is the case, and that the American public have shown themselves to be one of the most gullible and credulous communities on the earth, in regard to this point, can be readily proven by recourse to examples; wherein it hath been palpably shown, that the titled gentry who visit our shores, eat our dinners, and are fondled and *chaperoned* by our wives and daughters, generally turn out to be disbanded valets de chambre, minority waiters, or second-hand appendages to the skirts of nobility. If examples were required, the events of many a past year, and, (if the evil be not remedied,) those of many a future, will most amply and satisfactorily show them. The utmost caution should be used, and the most complete investigation made in relation to the characters and pretensions of those persons, who, upon the mere strength of an assumed title or commission, but too often gain admission to our firesides, and, in gratitude for favors shown them, repay their unsuspecting host with perfidy and deceit.

Another crying evil in the tenor of good society in this country, may be traced to the well known and universally remarked fact, that the youth of both sexes are admitted into all the privileges and immunities which, in other countries, are the peculiar attributes of more advanced years, at so early an age, as to call forth from foreigners, the sarcastic, but equally true observation, that an American ball-room presents the appearance of a riotous and overgrown nursery. Laying aside the mere physical detriment, which is the inevitable consequence of so immatured an entrance upon life, the moral effects upon the youth are no less lamentable. Ushered, at an immature age, into the pleasures of a fashionable life—inexperienced in judgment and unripe in thought, it is by no means wonderful that excesses are often committed, which can be attributable to no inherent evil, but which are the offspring of an excitable and unguarded mind. The consequences of

this excess are by no means less unfortunate, being caused by this unavoidable excitability of temperament, than if they were the offspring of a naturally immoral turn of mind; and many a youth may, with propriety, refer to his too early entrance upon the stage of society, a tainted reputation or a scandalous notoriety. Some old author, (Cecil, Lord Burleigh, I believe,) has an admirable observation upon this point. "Parents," says he, "are to be blamed for the unthrifric looseness of youth, who send them into the world seven years before their judgment." And the Duke of Rochefoucauld, in his excellent collection of morals, lays it down as an axiom, "il faut que les jeunes gens qui entrent dans le monde soient honteux ou étourdis: un air capable et composé se tourne d'ordinaire en impertinence."

I have also observed in the social intercourse between young gentlemen, that the etiquette of manner, which is the immediate jewel of society, does not exist in that courteous address which it is the privilege and the right of every gentleman and man of honor to expect. There is a good, but trite old proverb, which runneth somewhat in this wise; "familiarity breeds contempt." Not that I would have the ingenuous and high spirited youth to infold himself in the cold formalities of the Chesterfieldian school; but that I would have him nice in behavior, courteous in demeanor, lofty in his sense of honor, and repelling the most distant approach of an indecent familiarity. Avoiding the most remote advances of low company, (by which expression I allude to the dissipated and the abandoned)—open in his conversation—unostentatious in his demeanor, and extending courtesy to all. This would be the *beau idéal* of a republican youth. Discarding all notions of superiority, save in light of virtue and acquirements; solid in the political principles of his forefathers; enthusiastically attached to liberty of conscience, yet unobtrusive in the exhibition of his enthusiasm; ardently attached to the institutions of his country. Such a youth would be the delight of the social circle, and the admiration and example of the world. Let the fancied superiorities of fashion and rank be forgotten. The creatures of these follies—the children of a day—the insects of an hour—but exhibit their gaudy glories for the passing minute, and then oblivion overtakes them, and the place thereof knoweth them no more. But the true hopes of a republic—her youthful offspring—her safeguard in war—her security in peace—like the severe yet beautiful columns of Grecian architecture, should stand forth a monument to convince the world, "that it is neither wealth nor birth that is

the support of a commonwealth; and that real and true grandeur is only consonant with talents and virtue."

I have, thus far, endeavored to enumerate some of the leading and prevalent evils attendant upon "good society." I trust, that the day is not far off, when the American fair, uniting for the preservation of social purity, will no longer cast the eye of favor upon the ignorant and conceited aspirant to fashion, and will boldly enlist themselves in that cause, and avow those sentiments which the Roman matrons, Lucretia, Portia, and Cornelia, have so nobly uttered.

If I have spoken plainly, I pray you pardon me; for, as old Chaucer singeth—

"I cannot glose; I am a rudys man."

And I will conclude with another extract from England's good old poet—

"For my words here and every part,
I speak them all under correction
Of you that feeling have in love's art,
And put it all to your discretion,
To intreat or make diminution
Of my language, that I you beseech:
But now to purpose of my rather speech."

TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

MINIATURE SKETCHES.

No. I.—PARVÆ RES.

How much may the character of an individual—and of a community on which that individual is destined to exert an influence—depend on the turn of a single incident—a single moment! And how often that which seems, at the time, a dire misfortune, a destroyer of hopes, is referred to in subsequent life as the greatest of blessings! The mere fall of an apple upon the head of one being, gave an impulse to the machinery of thought within, and directed his footsteps to that path which conducted to the deep and exhaustless "Pierian Spring," of philosophy. The usefulness of Hannah More depended on the infidelity of a lover; which preyed upon her heart, and, doubtless, caused her to seek in retirement and the exercise of her "gray goose quill," for relief to her feelings. The wedding-day came, and the lady and attendants moved gaily to the church; but the groom came not. "He comes late! is ill perchance!" thought the fair bride, and ejaculated the attendants. But no groom appeared at all!

Presently a horseman appeared before the door, bearing a letter to Miss More. In it she read many apologies, and a hint that her faithless swain could *not take the responsibility*—yet offering to grant any pecuniary substitute. That substitute was accepted *de lege*, and proved a pleasing one. She received a life settlement of £400 per annum!

S.

AN ESSAY ON MENTAL PHENOMENA.

BY L. A. WILMER.

THE material world presents no mysteries so unsearchable as those which offer themselves when we attempt to examine and analyze the operations of our own minds. Matter, in all its modifications, may be subjected to a minute scrutiny; and if, at any time, our investigations are at fault, we are seldom in want of analogies, which,—if they cannot remove doubt,—may at least afford some grounds for rational conjecture. But the mind of man, being invisible and intangible and without a parallel among all the works of God with which we have any acquaintance, it is certain that all our discoveries herein must be the result of severer study than any department of physical science can be supposed to require. In the present article we design to state facts, rather than to attempt a solution of mysteries; and, as far as our intentions go, we will endeavor to be conscientiously exact. We propose, at this time, to confine our observations to two mental faculties,—MEMORY and IMAGINATION,—which we take to present some of the most remarkable features discoverable in the human intellect.

Memory, we know, is not peculiar to man; but probably exists, in various degrees, throughout every department of animated nature. When we consider the mode in which the mind of man is formed, namely, by the combination of ideas received originally through the media of the senses, we might be led to suppose that a great power of retention, or a strong memory, must be one of the chief constituents of a superior intellect. But, from observation it appears that the reverse of this opinion is nearer to the truth. Very superior minds rarely, perhaps *never*, possess extremely retentive memories. Such memories, it is true, may give their possessors an *appearance* of superiority; but let it be remembered, that intellectual superiority does not consist in recollecting and arranging the thoughts of others, but in the ability to think for ourselves. This power constitutes originality; it is the distinguishing and infallible mark of a great mind; and, in the absence of this, all that memory can do for us, is to make us expert school-boys. A mechanic may have abundance of

materials, and still be an indifferent workman—and a man may have his memory well stored with elementary ideas, and still be incapable of using them to advantage. It is not the quantity we eat, but what we digest, that produces a thriving condition of our bodies,—and as memory is the intellectual stomach, and reflection the digestive faculty, the common error of overloading the former, to the injury of the latter, is easily detected.

One of the most surprising traits observable in memory, is its *capriciousness*, if we may so express it. An idea which we wish to recall will not always come in obedience to our wishes, and we are provoked to find that we are *almost* within reach of the fugitive thought, which still successfully eludes our grasp. The same idea will, at another time, present itself without solicitation. Instances have occurred wherein the thought, which has been sought ineffectually while the person was awake, has returned in sleep; and, what is stranger still, as soon as the slumbers were broken, the thought has sometimes again disappeared. Another circumstance which illustrates the caprice of memory, is this—in endeavoring to recall the past events of our lives, we find we have retained the impression of incidents comparatively trivial, and that others of much greater importance,—which might be supposed more likely to leave their traces in our remembrance,—are forgotten, or but faintly recollected.

As only one idea can occupy the mind at the same instant, it is certain that almost every thing we may remember is constantly absent from our thoughts. This is a little paradoxical, but it is, nevertheless, true. Of the immense quantity of ideas which are subject to the memory, one is the exclusive occupant for a time until it makes way for its successor. If we compare the mind to a store-house, wherein numerous articles are disposed in different places, so that the owner generally knows where to find each of them, the comparison may pass for want of due examination; but, strictly speaking, there is no analogy whatever. The ideas to which our memories may have access, are *not there* until called for; and they are made to appear and disappear, as it were, by magic. Sometimes these ideas are recalled by an effort, and sometimes they return voluntarily; and, in the latter case, the causes of their return are often inconceivable. For it frequently happens that there is no perceptible connection between our present thoughts and those which may immediately succeed them; and this undoubtedly occurs in the best regulated minds. We have heard this explained,

more ingeniously than satisfactorily; and, indeed, the man who is satisfied with nothing short of demonstration will rarely be gratified in such inquiries as the present.

At times we are startled by the sudden appearance in our minds of complex thoughts and conceptions which might be expected to result only from laborious study; we are unable to trace the origin of these thoughts and conceptions, and perhaps are satisfied that they have never occurred to us before. On such grounds as this, some persons have built a predication, that the mind has an occasional glimmering remembrance of a former state of existence; and that those ideas which were the result of reflection in that previous state, will, on rare occasions, revisit the mind in its present union with this body. That the mind of man may *possibly* have existed in such a former state, we think it unphilosophical to deny; and we doubt if there is any thing in the assertion absolutely repugnant to the doctrines of christianity; but, whatever evidences may exist to support this theory, certain we are that the facts just cited should not be included among those evidences. When a fact will admit of more than one explanation, it generally happens that one mode of accounting for that fact is evidently more rational than another; and that more rational mode surely deserves the preference among reasonable beings.

In many cases, the thoughts and perceptions, referred to as so remarkable for their unpremeditated appearance, are really the images of memory, and have been produced either by our own reflections, at some former time, (*in this life,*) or they are the suggestions of other minds, which have been received from books or conversation. If a man could remember *how* and when he acquired every idea which he may possess, his memory would, indeed, be a greater miracle than it is. When such *unaccountable* thoughts occur, we have much reason to suspect that they are not original with us; and, by neglecting this point, authors have sometimes committed plagiarisms, when they really intended no such matters.

But there is yet another mode in which this fact may be accounted for; and this brings us to the second topic which we proposed to treat of,—namely, IMAGINATION. That imagination does not *create* ideas, is a most evident truth; and, without quarrelling with any former definitions, we would say, that imagination may sometimes be considered as a *rapid species of reflection*. The extreme quickness with which it perceives the relations of things, amounts in certain circumstances almost to intuition. To this faculty or quality,

or whatever it is, those unpremeditated perceptions, lately spoken of, may, in some instances, be ascribed.

Concerning *Imagination*, we are led to suspect that some small errors are prevalent. Many persons take it for granted, that what produces the delusions of the madman, the conceptions of the poet, the fancied appearances of spectres, and the images of a dream, is one and the same thing; and that this thing is imagination. Again we are told,—and that on respectable authority,—that “Imagination is the capacity of receiving pleasure from sublime and beautiful objects.” Before we allow ourselves to rejoice in the sunshine of this clear and comprehensive explication, let us ask if the results of imagination are always *pleasurable*; and if so, why should it make grief more poignant, and fear more powerful? And in what does this capacity, for receiving pleasure from sublime and beautiful objects, consist? That the capacity aforesaid, is one indication of an imaginative mind, is not to be disputed; but it is not imagination itself, but a mere incident,—inseparable it may be, but still an incident. A man who has ever experienced the *fever and ague*, would scarcely describe it as consisting of so many shakes, without reference to some accompanying sensations; and the man who ever possessed any imagination, would hardly define it as “a capacity to receive pleasure from certain objects, called sublime or beautiful.” We could furnish a half dozen of such definitions, each of which would be as complete as that already given, and the whole combined would, perhaps, be a very defective description of what imagination really is.

One property of imagination is, a particular aptitude in the comparison and combination of ideas: hence we have ventured to call it, “a rapid species of reflection.” And here let us repeat, that there is no *creative* power in imagination, as some persons seem to suppose. Imagination can do no more than combine or amplify those ideas which are retained in the memory. Let us take an example: the idea of a *griffin* we call imaginary; but no man could have conceived the idea of a griffin, unless he had previously in his mind the idea of a bird and of a beast; by combining the two latter, he composes his imaginary griffin. Imagination unites ideas in a quaint and unusual manner; it brings things together which are naturally distant. One of its characteristics is a certain *warmth* or *glow*, (we use these terms for want of some more expressive of our meaning,) and this warmth or glow is, no doubt, the principle of vitality, which gives imagination all its vigor. Or, in other words, it is imagination itself. This is the principle which the ancient poets affectingly ascribed to

inspiration. There can be no doubt, if we examine the subject well, that this glowing principle proceeds from, or is developed by, some peculiar corporeal organization. Indeed we think it a rational conjecture, that *all* differences which may exist in the mental faculties of men, originate in corporeal causes. All human minds, in an embodied state, would probably be equal; or, if this be regarded as an inconceivable case, let us say, that if the organic structure of all men could be precisely alike, their minds would present no inequalities. We do not pretend to decide whether those causes of intellectual inequality exist in the brain, in the nervous system, or in any particular portion of our material frame, or whether they proceed from some general constitutional principles which defy, and ever will defy, all the powers of human research. Nor can we determine whether bodily organization can create any species of intellectual excellence; or whether the mind be *intrinsically* excellent in all its faculties, so that its apparent *defects* must proceed from some peculiar structure in its instrument, the body. We know, however, that what are called diseases of the mind are, in fact, diseases of the body; and this truth, which is established in medical science, is, in itself, a reasonable foundation for the belief that all mental deficiencies are referable to a corporeal origin. And if this be the case, all mental excellences, or freedom from defect, must be dependent on corporeal incidents. But, as we before remarked, it is not easy to determine whether intellectual excellence be the positive or the negative result of a particular bodily organization.

If we succeed in tracing imagination, or its development, to corporeal causes, we must there abandon the pursuit; for our farther inquiries in that quarter will be defeated by that impenetrable darkness which involves the union of mind and matter. Let us then leave that speculative scrutiny, and endeavor to gain some little insight into the nature of imagination, by means of its phenomena, or what may be called its symptoms and diagnoses.

That mysterious and undefinable principle—that “genial warmth,” (for which we want a more suitable name,) which we have called the *radix* of imagination, or imagination itself, produces a capacity for receiving a *peculiar* pleasure from objects of sublimity or beauty. The same principle generates a certain activity of mind, which effects extraordinary and brilliant combinations of ideas. The same principle makes all the perceptions of the mind more acute, and all the feelings of the heart more intense; and, consequently, where an ardent imagination exists, all the emotions of joy

or sorrow, will be more energetic than in other cases. We do not feel bound to explain *how* these effects are produced; it will be sufficient for our present purpose if they are admitted to be the genuine and invariable effects of a superior imagination; and of this, we think, there can be no rational doubt. By reference to these indications, we may understand what is meant by the term *imagination*, when used to denote a certain desirable intellectual quality.

All men have imagination, or something like it; and it does not clearly appear, whether the imagination of the man of GENIUS differs radically, or only in degree, from the imagination of common minds. Certain it is, however, that the difference is vast, and is plainly admitted by the world in general; for whereas imagination is acknowledged to be an honor to men of genius, it is usually regarded as a reproach to others. This might lead us to suspect that the word is used to signify two or more distinct qualities; and this suspicion will be strengthened if we pursue the subject a little farther.

In some cases, imagination seems to be regarded as a thing not only *independent* of reason, but measurably *inconsistent* therewith. This description will certainly not apply to that faculty which is the chief boast of a man of genius; or we shall degrade genius to something below the level of humanity. It is, perhaps, a general belief, that when the imagination is strong, it must lead to errors of reason and judgment. Yet we doubt if a really fine imagination ever exists unaccompanied by powers of inference and discrimination of no ordinary ~~scale~~ ^{quality}. The most eminent poets, who may be thought to have possessed superior imaginative powers, have always been men of correct judgment; and, on certain occasions, they have exhibited themselves as *reasoners* of no common ability. In fact, a brilliant imagination is a most unfailing indication of a vigorous mind; and a vigorous mind is never deficient in the powers of reason and judgment, though the cultivation of those faculties may be neglected in the pursuit of more dazzling objects. This much we admit, that men of powerful imaginations do not always reason in the prescribed modes. Inductive reasoning proceeds step by step, (like a man walking among dangerous precipices,) careful to secure each foothold before it attempts another. Imagination bounds from point to point, from rock to rock,—to speak figuratively,—and the consequence is, that imagination arrives at the same conclusions with less labor, and more facility. The comparison itself will suggest that imagination may sometimes fall short of its object; but can it

be denied, that the veriest logical plodder may meet with a similar accident? Imagination grasps objects with an intuitive sagacity; it sees at a glance what others can discover only by long and patient observation, and it seldom suspects that what is so perfectly obvious to itself, can be a matter of doubt with any one else. The consequence is, that they who are unable to follow its views, will accuse it of a want of continuity; and, truly, notwithstanding all that has been said, a less volatile mode of ratiocination is generally to be preferred. A paltry imagination, (such an one, for instance, as may serve to furnish a popular newspaper poet or poetess of the present day,) such an imagination, we say, may be, and doubtless is, indicative of a general weakness of understanding. In such a case, the imagination itself is weak, and can seldom or never give birth to any really brilliant or magnificent conceptions. But an imagination of this kind, as we have hinted above, is doubtless a very different quality from that which is admitted to be the most glorious characteristic of genius.

Again, it is a common opinion, that the excess of imagination is madness, and some go a little farther, in supposing that madness is always an excess of imagination, and that only. If imagination be a native quality of the mind in its healthy state, and not a splendid *disease*, like the pearl in the oyster, it may be conceived that, in its greatest extent, it could merely reach a state of perfection;—and it may be difficult to explain, how the perfection of any faculty, peculiar to man, can destroy or even impair the line of distinction between human and brutal natures. If the perfection of imagination be madness, imagination itself must be a disease; otherwise, the perfection of health may be sickness—and, by analogy, the perfection of strength may be weakness, and the perfection of beauty may be deformity. And if madness be the want of reason, is it *therefore* an excess of imagination? If so, all the inferior orders of animated creation, beasts, birds, fish and insects, must be imaginative in proportion to their want of rationality. The truth is, madmen have a reasoning power, but reason *falsely*, (if such a thing be possible,) making just conclusions from false premises; or false conclusions from right premises; and, because they reason incorrectly, their errors are ascribed to imagination;—for, as we said before, some persons think imagination and reason are inconsistent things; and, enlarging on that idea, all that is inconsistent with reason they take to be imagination. If the mental faculties are subject to disease, or affected by certain maladies of the body, why not, in the case of the madman, suppose reason itself to be diseased, instead of imagination? This is most likely to be the truth;—

and doubtless every intellectual faculty may be clouded and obscured by corporeal causes.

But the madman creates, as it were, a new world to himself; he sees things which do not exist, and believes in impossible circumstances. Similar effects are ascribed, with some truth, to imagination. This, we confess, at the first view, is a startling point; but, should it appear, that madmen are strongly influenced by a species of imagination, it is by no means a necessary inference that madness is imagination itself. When reason, which is one faculty of the mind, suffers a diminution, imagination, another faculty, may be augmented, just as a deprivation of sight or hearing is often found to increase the powers of the other senses. It may be laid down as a rule, which admits of few exceptions, that when one mental faculty is debilitated from any cause, other faculties will be strengthened in the same proportion.

Some striking distinctions are to be observed between what is called the imagination of the madman and the imagination of the man of genius. The first is chaotic and generally incapable of producing any images of beauty or order;—the latter is precisely the reverse. The imagination of genius, as we have seen, effects what are called its *creations*, by extraordinary combinations of ideas;—the madman's errors seem to proceed from an improper *separation* of ideas, rather than from unusual combinations. A madman, for instance, supposes himself *dead*;—here he separates the ideas of motion and vitality, of death and unconsciousness. He is therefore unable to perceive, that dead men cannot see, hear, feel and converse. But the chief line of distinction is this:—the madman takes his mental conceptions to be *realities*; the images of his fancy appear to him in all the colors and proportions of substantial matter. But whatever has been said of the "waking visions" of the *poet* is, by no means, to be understood in a literal sense; for no poet, I suppose, takes the presentations of his fancy for real and substantial objects. If he does err to that extent, he is certainly a madman, or something like it, and his imagination is of a different class, or of a very different character, from that which may conduce to poetical excellence.

Dreaming appears to be something very analogous to insanity;—so much so, that the dreamer may be said to be insane for the time, and the lunatic to dream through the period of his lunacy. In both cases, the images of the mind are so vividly impressed, that their *unreality* is seldom or never suspected. Indeed, the points of resemblance are too numerous to be enlarged on at this time, and we doubt not that both

these species of mental delusion might be traced to similar causes, if we had the ability to do so.

It has been asserted that *phrenology* offers the most satisfactory explanation of the phenomena of dreaming. This science, we believe, inculcates the doctrine that one or more mental faculties may be asleep, while the others remain awake. Hence, the different natures of our dreams are accounted for, as those dreams are supposed to vary in their character, according to the faculty in which they are generated. When the principles of phrenology are admitted, this theory is not without some pretensions to credibility. Yet, it seems, (to make the explanation admissible,) we are required to believe;—1st, that those faculties which are *awake*, produce the dream, and that the sleeping faculties dream not;—2ndly, that the ideal images occurring in dreams, may appear, in some cases, without the intervention of imagination or fancy. For, we think it is stated, that a person may dream sometimes when those sections of the brain, which contain the imaginative faculties, are asleep. Can it be explained how the somnolency of one faculty, can make another faculty dream, while the latter is still awake? And what produces the images in dreams, if they are not produced by imagination or fancy? Some persons, we think, have asserted that the images of a dream are, in fact, the presentations of memory. Doubtless, this is true to a certain extent;—the component parts of a dream must have been retained in the memory. But, what makes the combinations, and what gives the appearance of reality? Memory, it is certain, can do neither one nor the other of these things, and both of them are the offices of imagination.

It is not one of the least surprising facts concerning *dreams*, that we should dream sometimes, and not dream *always*, during the continuance of *slumber*. That the mind, in sleep, should be, at one instant, totally unconscious, a perfect blank; and, in the next moment, (without any apparent causes for such a change,) it should become alive to a thousand perceptions, abounding in thought, and capable of exercising memory, judgment, imagination, and every faculty it possesses while awake;—this, we say, is indeed a mystery. It cannot be denied, however, that we may possibly dream *without intermission* during sleep, and that we remember only the more vivid and distinct portions of our dreams, when we awake. This supposition is strengthened by the fact that a dream is often totally forgotten for many hours after we awake; and is at length brought to our remembrance by some accidental circumstance, or a word dropped in conversation. From hence, we may infer, that many dreams are entirely forgotten; and viewing this, in connexion with other facts, we may form a

reasonable conjecture, that our minds are visited by dreams during the whole period of our slumbers. That dreams are more distinct when sleep is least sound, may probably be the case; but this circumstance goes a very little way towards an explanation of the subject of dreaming. It may be that dreams are more easily *remembered*, when the sleep is less sound, and the person awakes with less effort.

In dreams, the mind is far more active in making combinations, than during our waking hours; in other words, the dreamer has more imagination than he can command while he is awake; and, accordingly, writers of fiction have been sometimes indebted to dreams for the most happy suggestions. This would more frequently be the case, but unluckily, the most brilliant, airy, and fantastic parts of our visions commonly disappear from the memory, either before we awake or at the moment of waking.

With one or two observations more, we shall close this article. That quality of mind of which we have just been speaking, which is apparently so ethereal in its nature, is perhaps more subject to be influenced by physical accidents, than any other mental power whatever. From all the evidence we can collect on this subject, it would seem that no man is in full possession of his imagination, (be it never so vigorous and brilliant) at all times. Fatigue of body often prostrates it entirely; indigestion and intemperance in diet, may produce the same effect; and with those persons who are naturally disposed to be imaginative, whatever tends to increase the animal spirit will be found to conduce to the activity of the imagination. Of course, the state of the stomach must be materially influential in such cases. Moderate exercise, cheerful companions, entertaining books, and enlivening amusements, are beneficial; and, on the contrary, every thing which has a tendency to depress the animal spirits, is generally injurious to this faculty. Objects which are merely *novel*, as well as those which are sublime and beautiful, will sometimes warm and invigorate the imagination; and it may be that novelty is one of the chief ingredients in both sublimity and beauty. We must conclude, with the unpleasing conviction, that many interesting points connected with this topic, have been left unconsidered, and that much of what we have advanced, may be regarded as obscure and inconsistent, for want of due explanation. We have sacrificed comprehensiveness and perspicuity itself to brevity;—but if these imperfect observations should be serviceable to those who are disposed to give more study to the subject here treated of, the design of the writer will, in a great measure, be accomplished.

REVIEWS.

RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

Travels to the Westward of the Alleghany Mountains, in the States of Ohio, Kentucky, and Tennessee,—By F. A. Michaux, Member of the Society of Natural History, &c. &c. faithfully translated from the original French, by B. Lambert: London, 1805.

RETROSPECTIVE reviews are certainly far more interesting than they are generally supposed. The examination of old books serves to illustrate in the most striking manner, the changes that are constantly taking place in the language, as well as the opinions, of mankind; and no one, unless he will assume the trouble of turning over the leaves of such publications, can form any adequate conception of the extent and variety of these changes.

To no class of books, however, does this remark apply so aptly, as those setting forth geographical facts. Changes in manners and customs, resources physical and moral, population, &c. are common to all countries, but to none like those whose settlement is of comparatively recent date. So true is this remark in its application to our own country, that we are seldom cognizant of the many alterations to which it is subjected. The changes in language and features or corporeal structure, which the members of our household undergo, are not apt to be noticed by us, from the circumstance of our every day intercourse. It is only when we have been absent for a time, that these appear to us in the force of realities. Just so is it with the geographical mutations effected by the multiplicity of agencies in operation. An American who might for experiment's sake, absent himself from the land of his nativity for a few years, would be astonished at the changes the magic touch of time had worked out. His return would be accompanied by emotions of commingled gratitude and astonishment; and like *Rip Van Winkle* when aroused from a sleep of twenty years, he would scarcely recognise in the scenes before him, the familiar objects on which he was formerly wont to gaze.

Wonderful beyond the imagination's creation, are the changes that have passed over our country within the last thirty years. Within that short period an increase of our physical and intellectual resources has been truly astounding, and have outstripped the prophecies and the hopes of the most sanguine of those who have attempted to foretell the future march of American improvements. Prophecies that called down the ridicule of the incredulous upon their heads, have been more than realized, and proved

by their rapid fulfilment, to be the most reasonable in their pretensions. Empires have sprung up in an hour—for years are but hours in the life of nations,—in the midst of a continent, state has been added to state, and territory to territory; and their population and wealth, agriculture and commerce, have been enlarged in such rapidity of progression, that we are almost ready to doubt the reports that daily reach our ears, accompanied by the seal of authenticity; indeed we are at times disposed to distrust the evidence afforded by actual observation.

It is with such feelings we introduce a review of the volume before us. To many, our task may appear fruitless; but to the curious at least, among the younger portion of our readers, it cannot prove wholly uninteresting. Nothing can, indeed, be more gratifying to the truly patriotic, than a contemplation of changes in our country, such as the comparison of the faithful details of our traveller with those of a recent date, will call to mind.

Michaux commenced his, then deemed hazardous and arduous, adventure in 1801. He sailed from Bourdeaux—then enjoying the most extensive commercial intercourse with the southern portion of the United States—and arrived at Charleston, S. C., Oct. 9th, same year, after a slow passage, as we should judge,—for he tells us one of the vessels in company, left Bourdeaux “*a month before the John and Frances.*” We shall not attempt to point out the astonishing improvements in navigation, of which we are reminded by this statement. For every reader will naturally draw the startling comparison of a steam-ship transit in *twelve days* from European ports, with the long, tedious, and dangerous trips of former days.

After some remarks upon incidents of the voyage, and the ravages of the yellow-fever, its annual visitations, their detention upon Sullivan's Island for safety, &c. we have an honest, and somewhat minute, description of Charleston and its environs; from which we make the following extract, for the amusement and instruction of the reader:—“The streets of Charlestown are broad, but are not paved, and the feet sink into the sand whenever the passenger is obliged to quit the brick foot-ways. The rapid passages of coaches and chaises, which are in much larger proportion here than in any other city in America, crushes this loose sand, and makes it so fine, that the least wind fills the shops with it, and causes it to be very disagreeable to foot-passengers. There are pumps at short distances to supply the inhabitants with water, which is so brackish that it is really astonishing how a stranger can accustom himself to it; *seven-tenths of the city are built of wood*; the remainder with bricks. According to the last census, the population, including strangers, amounted to 10,690 whites, and 9,050 slaves. Foreigners arriving in Charleston, will find no hotels, or furnished apartments for hire to lodge in; no ordinaries, or eating-houses, to live at; instead of these are boarding houses, which supply lodging, food and lights.”

Were it not for the name, we should scarcely recognize Charleston in the above picture. The proud Carolinian would almost be offended at its republication, and suppose us disposed to *slander* his

favorite city, were the facts made known to him for the first time. Although its changes have been inconsiderable, compared with more western localities, yet they are sufficiently extensive to indicate the march of improvement in the new world. Before the conflagration, which lately laid waste so large a portion of Charleston, it presented throughout, a most attractive appearance; and, no doubt, the enterprise of its inhabitants, assisted by the liberality of donations from various parts of the country, will speedily restore its beauties with those improvements, modern architectural taste will suggest. How changed was its condition in the few years which have elapsed since our author visited it. The streets are lined with the pride of India; whilst superb villas, adorned with verandahs, reaching the tops of the buildings, environed with green hedges, around which the rich foliage of the orange, magnolias and palmettoes throw their charms, impart to it an air of wealth and loveliness, in which it surpasses all other cities of the union. Among the public buildings are numbered 19 churches, the city hall, exchange, two arsenals, theatre, college halls, an alms house, orphan asylum, supporting and educating 150 destitute children; besides the city library, containing 15,000 volumes. The population, which was about what Michaux has described it in 1800, increased to 30,289 in 1830. Allowing a like increase in the last nine years, it would now possess a population of not less than 40,000 souls. The best of authorities represent its commerce as comprising that of nearly the entire state, and its shipping amounts to 13,244 tons.

In describing Philadelphia, our traveller says, "it is the largest and most populous city in the United States;" and that "there we do not meet with any beggars, or any person bearing the stamp of misery in his countenance; this distressing sight, so common in the cities of Europe, is *unknown* in America."

Now, either he did not chance to meet with any persons but industrious and cheerful Quakers, or Philadelphia and other cities in which he says beggars are "unknown," have truly been subjected to a wonderful metamorphosis. We are inclined to believe if he should visit us at the present time, he would make a quite different report to his countrymen. If the contrast be such as his statements would teach us, the change is to be referred to the influence of excessive and unrestrained emigration to our land; which, in the language of one, has become the "poor-house of the world, and the penitentiary of the universe." It is a pity "the distressing sight" does not gratify the citizens of Europe, instead of us. But we must give our author much credit for his honesty and candor. Had he travelled at a later day, it is probable—if we may judge from the books of travel some foreigners have written—he would not have been so *conscientious*. His plain unvarnished tale stands as a rebuke to those who not only *misrepresent* our condition, but taunt us impudently, with threats, and hint in advance, the tendency of their unjust criticisms—as one whom my readers will call to mind, has lately done in a public speech.

The tone of traveller's reports, certainly has assumed a more harsh and grating key; especially those of Englishmen. There is but one mode in which we may be able to account for the change.

Power always brings enmity with it. When we were feeble and unpretending, national pride did not rise up in the minds of our English brethren. They looked upon America as an inferior, not a rival of Great Britain—a child, not a man of full growth. They now behold in this continent, a powerful nation, which has increased so rapidly in wealth, both physical and intellectual, as to have well nigh won the prize in the race of literature and science, and the useful arts, as she has in governmental wisdom. The more our national claims expand, the more may we expect to excite the jealousy of a people, whose feelings may well be learned from the fierceness of the many little annoying stray curs which infest our land in the shape of upstart-tourists. In this remark, we do not include a number of travellers, who have manifested much candor and fellowship of feeling, and thus constituted honorable exceptions to a general rule. Our French brethren have been remarkable for the spirit evinced by our author; and we ardently hope, now that the triumph of steam has approximated us so greatly, hereafter there will be manifested on both the part of our countrymen and Englishmen, less of an animosity, and vindictiveness so disreputable.

Prefatory to penning a description of his journey from Philadelphia to Pittsburg, we have the following language in relation to the interior of Pennsylvania, which is now traversed by rail-roads and canals. On reading it, well may the reader exclaim, *tempus mutat omnia!* as his mind conducts the comparison of the past with the present:—

"The states of Kentucky, Tennessee, and the Ohio comprise that vast extent of country known in America by the name of the Western Country. Almost all the Europeans who have published observations on the United States, have contented themselves with saying, from common report, that these countries are very fertile; but have not entered into any details. It is true, that to reach these *new establishments*, it is necessary to traverse a considerable space of uninhabited country; and that these journeys are long and fatiguing without offering any thing very interesting to travellers, who confine themselves to describing the manners of the people inhabiting towns or populous places; but since natural history and particularly vegetable productions, as well as the state of agriculture, were the principal objects of my researches, I was obliged to remove from the places most known, and frequent those which were the least so; I therefore resolved to undertake a journey to these *DISTANT* countries."

Then follows these observations, which in the present day, present an accurate picture of the condition of things in what is now called the "Far West;" but a Pennsylvanian will be very far from admitting its applicability to the wealthy Key-stone state. I shall extract a portion of them, as closely descriptive of the primitive domestic condition of those who settled the various portions of our country. The picture is true in relation to each part of it, when viewed with reference to its first settlement:—

"At Philadelphia the houses are of brick; in the other towns, and in their environs, the half, and very often the whole of them, are of planks: but seventy or eighty miles from the sea, in the central and

southern states, and still more particularly in those situated to the west of the Alleghany mountains, *seven-tenths* of the inhabitants live in *log houses*. These houses are made of the trunks of trees, from twenty to thirty feet long, and four or five inches in diameter, placed one above another, and supported by letting their ends into each other. The roof is formed of pieces of a similar length with those which form the body of the house, but lighter, and brought gradually nearer together from each side; they are intended for the support of the shingles, which are fastened to them by means of small splinters of wood. Two doors, which frequently supply the place of windows, are formed by sawing away a part of the trunks which form the body of the house. The chimney which is always at one of the ends, is also made of trunks of trees of a suitable length. The back, which is of clay, six inches in thickness, separates the fire from the wooden wall. Notwithstanding this slight precaution, fires are very uncommon in this country. The spaces between these trunks of trees are filled with clay, but always with so little care, that they are open to the weather on every side: these houses are consequently very cold in winter, notwithstanding the large quantity of wood which they burn. The doors are hung on wooden hinges, and the greater part of them have no locks. At night, they are only pushed to, or shut with a log of wood. Four or five days are enough for two men to complete one of these houses, in which there are neither nails nor iron of any sort. Two large beds receive all the family. In summer the children frequently sleep on the ground, wrapped in a blanket; the floor is raised one or two feet above the surface of the soil, and planked. They use feather beds and feathers, but not mattresses. Sheep being very scarce, the wool is dear and is kept to make stockings. The clothing of the family is hung on pegs round the room, or over a long pole."

Here we have another picture of a condition of things, the bare mention of which should make the actors in the scene, if alive, blush in deep shame. No wonder we should have been pronounced "a nation of drunkards," when travellers carried home such facts. The "Whiskey Insurrection," was a disgrace to Pennsylvania; and whilst disposed to smile at the author's description, we rejoice at the influence of those excellent institutions—the temperance societies—in changing to a great extent this state of things. As much as we dislike to own the truth of these declarations, we must, in the main, admit their sad application!

The argument of this student of nature, MICHAUX, drawn from the adaptation of the soil to the cultivation of the apple, will strike every one as very forcible; whilst the festival, and the mode of conducting it, spoke well for the "duty on distilleries," and by no means commends the opposition to it, and at the same time served as an index to the true motives of the advocates of repeal:—

"From the Juniata, crossing to Bedford court house, the country, though still rough, is nevertheless better, and more inhabited than that we had passed through from Shippensburg. The settlements, though seldom within sight of each other, are near enough to give a more lively appearance to the country. We reached Bedford at night-fall, and took up our lodging at a tavern, the master of which was known to my companion, the American officer. His house is spacious, and raised a story above the ground floor, which is very uncommon in this country. The day of our arrival was a rejoicing day to the inhabitants

of the country, who had assembled at this town to celebrate the repeal of the duty on the whiskey distilleries; a considerable impost, which had prejudiced the inhabitants of the interior greatly against the late President Adams. *The taverns, and particularly that in which we lodged, were filled with drunkards, who made a frightful uproar, and yielded to excesses so horrible as to be scarcely conceived. The rooms, the stairs, the yard were covered with men dead drunk, and those who were still able to get their teeth separated, uttered only the accents of fury and of rage.* An inordinate desire for spirituous liquors is one of the characteristics of the inhabitants of the countries in the interior of the United States. *This passion is so powerful that they quit their habitations from time to time, to go and get drunk at the taverns, and I do not believe that there are ten in a hundred who could have the resolution to deprive themselves of it, for an instant, if they had it at hand.* Nevertheless their common drink in summer is only water or sour milk. *They do not relish cider, which they think too mild. Their distaste for this salutary and agreeable beverage is the more extraordinary, since they might easily procure it at little expense; for apple trees of every kind succeed wonderfully in this country.* This is a remark which I have made both on the east and west of the Alleghany mountains, where I have seen tall trees raised from the seed, which yielded apples eight or nine inches in circumference."

Speaking of the trade of Pittsburg, our author says, "it is not, perhaps, known to many people in Europe, that vessels of a considerable tonnage are built at Pittsburg, and on the Ohio," and states the fact with surprise, that "there was a three-masted vessel on the stocks, of 250 tons burthen, and a galliot of ninety, nearly finished." In his description of the "little town," Wheeling, he states, "*it contains about seventy houses, built of planks.*" This place contains now a population of at least 9000. In 1820, it numbered 1567, which in 1830, had increased to 5222 souls. According to latest authorities, there are 20 steam-boats owned by its inhabitants, and 26 steam-engines in operation. It has four or five steam-engine factories, and as many for cotton and woollen goods, 7 glass-houses and cut-glass works, an extensive rolling and slitting mill, and nail factory, 3 steam flour mills, 2 paper mills; besides copperas, white lead, and sheet lead, and tobacco manufactories, extensive tanneries, smitheries, &c. Some years nearly a thousand steam-boats arrive at Wheeling. If such be the astonishing changes in old settlements, what must be those to which more western localities are subjected; in which we hear of towns springing up into a considerable size, in a few months.

- I shall pass over a large number of pages devoted to botanical descriptions and details, and conclude with the following description of a "*settler*" from which the reader may form a correct idea of the backwoodsman's mode of life, and the state of navigation at the time to which the sketch refers.

How admirably have our author's prophecies been fulfilled, both with respect to the trade of the Ohio, and the restless march of emigration, westward!

"Before we arrived at Marietta, we fell in with one of these *settlers*, an inhabitant of the neighborhood of Wheeling, who, like us, was de-

scending the Ohio, and we kept together for two days. Alone, in a canoe of eighteen or twenty feet long, and twelve or fifteen inches wide, he was going to visit the banks of the Missouri, at a hundred and fifty miles from its mouth. The excellent quality of the land, which is reported to be more fertile than the banks of the Ohio, and which the Spanish government, at that time, distributed *gratis*; the multitude of beavers, elks, and, more particularly, of bisons, were the motives which induced him to emigrate into these distant countries; from whence, when he had determined on a convenient spot to settle in with his family, he had to return, and seek them on the banks of the Ohio, which obliged him to make a voyage of fourteen or fifteen hundred miles, three times. His dress, like that of all the American hunters, consisted of a round waistcoat with sleeves, a pair of pantaloons, and a broad woollen girdle, of a red and yellow color. A carbine, a *tomahawk*, a small hatchet used by the Indians to cut wood, and to complete the death of their enemies, two beaver traps, and a large knife hanging to his girdle, composed his hunting equipage. One blanket was all his baggage. Every evening he encamped on the banks of the river, or passed the night by a fire, and when he judged the spot to be favorable to the chase, he penetrated into the woods for several days; and, from the produce of his hunting, procured the means of subsistence, and obtained fresh supplies with the skins of the animals he had killed.

"Such were the first inhabitants of Kentucky and Tennessee, of whom very few are now left. It was they who began to clear these fertile countries, and wrested them from the savages who obstinately disputed the possession of them; it was they who finally secured the property in them, after five or six years of bloody war: but long habituated to a wandering and unemployed life, they were unable to enjoy the fruits of their toil, or to benefit by the extraordinary value to which they had raised these lands. In a short time, they have emigrated into more remote countries, where they are forming new establishments. It will be the same with the greater part of those who now inhabit the banks of the Ohio. The same disposition which brought them there will cause them to emigrate from thence. To these, new emigrants will succeed, coming also from the Atlantic states, who will abandon their possessions to seek a milder temperature, and a more fertile soil. The price which they will obtain for them will be enough to pay for their new acquisitions, the peaceful enjoyment of which will be secured by a numerous population. These last comers, instead of log-houses, with which the present possessors are content, will build houses of planks; they will clear a greater quantity of the land, and will be as active and persevering in improving their new possessions, as the first were in following their passion for the chase. To the culture of maize, they will add that of wheat, tobacco, and hemp. Rich pastures will feed numerous flocks, and an advantageous market for all the products of the country will be secured to them by the Ohio."

If this hurried and incomplete review should lead our readers to trace out more studiously the many astounding changes to which our land is daily subjected, and to place a due estimate on our present and prospective resources, as a nation, we shall not regret the small expenditure of time it required. This curious volume is out of print; and, if found at all, must be sought among the rejected rubbish of auction-rooms; in one of which we obtained it for the price of a primer.

LITERARY NOTICES.

The Far West; or a Tour beyond the Mountains,—New York: Harpers & Brothers. 1838.

A book of travel of which we have given a review in this number, published only a little more than *thirty years ago*, refers to the states of OHIO, KENTUCKY, and TENNESSEE, as the *West*. Then tourists wrote as though all beyond were a nonentity. They appeared to look upon what is now styled "The West," as a trackless desert, which was not, and never would be, inhabited by civilized man; over which they supposed,—if indeed they indulged in prospective thought at all,—the buffalo, the deer, and the wild horse, would continue to hold sway, roaming in all the freedom of nature, over mountain or prairie, green hill or deep ravine. They never dreamed, that in so short a space of time, the wild children of the forest would yield before the eager crowds of civilization, which march westward in army-like array, to seize their wide possessions. Yet that which the lips of prophesy feared to utter, has been proclaimed by the voice of reality. But we need not go back in imagination more than ten years, to look upon the shaded forest, in regions where now waves the Indian corn, and rises the smoke from the abode of plenty and domestic comfort. That extended region over which Black Hawk with his noble band of savage warriors roamed, carrying devastation and death to the doors of the few scattered inhabitants, is now the abode of wealth and refinement—although *only six years* have elapsed. Instead of the war-cry, we hear the familiar "gee-wo-haw" of the husbandman; and instead of the frightful howlings of wild beasts, hungry and seeking for prey, the ear is greeted with the pleasing sound of lowing herds feeding in green open fields. The axeman's stroke is not heard in such ceaseless echoes, and its sound is yielding to the noise of the anvil and the shuttle, and even that mighty lever, the newspaper press. The voice of the lawyer with his weighty tomes and green satchel, and of the minister with the bible, may now be heard there; the one pleading the cause of man, the other the cause of God, in tones of fervent eloquence. In the language of a facetious western writer, "the yankee is there with his *notions* and his patent-rights, and the travelling agent with his subscription book; there are merchants from India and from England; and in short, all the *luxuries* of life from Bulwer's novels down (?) to *Brandreth's Pills*." Where the territories of Wisconsin and Iowa now exist, in 1832, according to the best of authorities, was the hunting ground of the Indian. That region is already the abode of a prosperous population. Since that period the vast settlements in Missouri, also, have been made beyond the region which, then, was called by the forbidding name of *frontier*.

If such be the astonishing changes on the face of our country, we need not be alarmed at the appearance of so many books of travels, as are produced by our own and a foreign press; for it would really require a new geography and map every year, to give a true representation of the western country. For this reason, the work before us is welcome. But not for this alone; for it contains a large amount of valuable facts, and innumerable incidents which have engaged the attention of the traveller. On these he has furnished us with many interesting annotations, and judicious reflections. There is, at the same time, an air of pleasing and imaginative thought, to be met with in few such books. These features are absolutely indispensable, in order to render a production entertaining, in which must be incorporated no little dry geographical and historical detail. The occasional flights of fancy in which our author has indulged, although, at times, too much labored and forced, have rendered his work more inviting than most of its predecessors.

As to the style of the volumes before us—its diction is what it should be, for the most part. But this is no more than any one would have anticipated from its talented author, if he had previously enjoyed the perusal of his delightful sketches in the "News-Letter," of which he is editor. The "Far West" is from the pen of Edmund Flagg, of Louisville, Kentucky.

The Encyclopedia of Geography,—By Hugh Murray Reese, F. R. S.; revised with additions, by Thomas G. Bradford. Vols. III, pp. 1813. Philadelphia: Carey, Lea & Blanchard. 1838.

The American press has indeed been fruitful, and produced many works whose tendency is decidedly evil—more, however, we are proud to acknowledge to the honor of our country, in the shape of *reprinted* than indigenous volumes. We have never examined a work on which we could more conscientiously bestow our warmest approbation, than the one we are noticing. The authors and publishers appear to have considered the term *Geography* in its most extended sense; and, consequently, have embraced in their "Encyclopedia," a very great amount of Geological, Zoological, and Political information. The wood-cuts and maps—the former more than 1100, the latter about 82 in number—are very well executed, and bespeak no little improvement in the art of engraving in this country. There is only one objection which can be made in relation to them,—that of their *diminutiveness*. For this, however, there is to be found an apology in the necessity of the case. The compass of the volumes would not, perhaps, have permitted an enlargement of their size. The attempt at extension of their field, and the desire to drag into the work much of historical, and even astronomical knowledge, has led those engaged in its preparation, to contract rather much the geographical detail which we naturally anticipate in so large a work: hence many localities of which we desire a full description, are merely glanced at in *compendium style*. For our own part,

we should have been pleased to have seen less of such information as is to be found in books treating of other subjects, and more geographical minutiae. However, this is somewhat a matter of taste, and will, no doubt, render the volumes acceptable to persons—who do not feel able to purchase many books of the encyclopedia order, and prefer *variety* rather than quantity.

We sincerely hope the public will place a due estimate on these volumes. No one, who purchases them, we are sure, will ever regret the act. The agent of the publishers, is now in this city, prepared to deliver copies to those who desire to obtain this invaluable work; and may be found at Mrs. Dougherty's in Fayette between St. Paul's and Calvert sts.

The Huguenot; a tale of the French Protestants,—By the author of the "Robber," "Atilla," "The Gipsy," &c. &c. Vols. 2. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1839.

This is a very interesting novel from the pen of one of the most industrious, pleasing, and, withal, useful writers of the age, and we may add from the most commendable of American publishers. It depicts with unusual candour and impartiality, the condition of the French nation in the thrilling times to which it refers. What renders it particularly acceptable to our feelings, is its freedom from misrepresentations of Catholic character, in which Protestants are too apt to indulge. The truths of history needs no touches of imagination's pencil to deepen their colors; and facts should, therefore, be permitted to make their own representations. They will tell a story too revolting to need any additions from the novelist. As those firm in our adherence to a Protestant faith, we have always said, "render unto Cæsar, the things which are Cæsar's." But to the honor of christianity, the dark deeds which have been ascribed to any particular sect, were prompted and effected not by real christians, but *nominal* professors, in whose hearts evil passions, such as ambition and a thirst for power, still held unbridled sway.

The characters of this story, are well drawn and sustained. The most pleasing and admirable are the *Count de Morsoiul*, a Protestant, the *Chevalier d'Evrans*, a neutral, whose end is truly unfortunate, and calculated to excite our sympathy, *Bassuet*, a Catholic bishop. To these stand opposed in striking contrast, *Louvois*, *St. Helie*, and *Hericourt*.

The principle female character, and an exceedingly interesting one, is *Clemence de Marty*.

There is one fault manifested in the volumes before us, which we feel bound to notice. The sentences are often too much crowded and lengthened. Besides the frequent use of such arrangement of words as "which I spoke of," "that I referred to," &c. should not find a place in the writings of such an author as G. P. R. James.

Every young writer has his model for style; and, no doubt, *his* style will furnish one for not a few to copy. For this reason, he should be more careful. Authors are too apt to presume much on

their popularity, and to use what might be styled the *license of genius*. But this should not be the case. They should attend to the style, as well as thought, and write for philological, as well as moral, effect.

These volumes may be had at N. Hickman's, Market street.

Miriam; a dramatic poem,—By the author of Joanna of Naples, 2d edition. Boston: H. P. Nicholas & Co. 1838.

Velasco; a tragedy, in five acts. By Espes Sargent. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1839.

The first of these productions, we should have noticed earlier. We do not thus group them together, because we consider them of equal merit. The work of Mr. Sargent is by far the more superior of the two. This, no doubt, must be partly attributed to the fact, that the Spanish scenes and Spanish character afford so fine a field for the exercise of the tragic pen. To this we may add, that the bloody scenes of the persecutions of christians, under triumphant heathenism, are unsuited to the calm and gentle feelings of the female breast. But as it regards the style, the former certainly excels. The fair authoress of "*Miriam*," at times, indulges in an arrangement of words, which, were it not for the form, would scarcely be taken for blank verse. Other defects we might notice, but forbear, as the writer tells us 'her sketch was not originally intended for the critic's eye.' We merely hint in friendly feeling, that "*who smote thee even now?*" does not indicate that her language has the proper *tense*-ness, although her thoughts may have been in a suitable mood.

"*Velasco*," contains many very stirring scenes. It was fully entitled to the approval it received at the Tremont theatre, Boston, where it was represented in 1837. We give a small extract—having room for no more—which describes *Izidora's* feelings when gazing upon her dying father. It struck us as true to nature:

He moves not—breathes not! Is this death?—No, no!
It cannot, should not, be! Not death!—not death!
Ah! father speak! it is thy daughter calls!
She who this morning hung upon thy neck—
Whom thou didst circle in thy living arms!
Oh! do not leave me thus!

The length and merit of these efforts, bespeak a dawning day of American dramatic talent, which we hail with delight. None are more willing to own the necessity and advantages of a mutual literary dependence on the part of different nations; yet we feel exceedingly anxious to witness the approach of that time, when the productions of our own writers, shall be duly appreciated—as they certainly now are not—whilst, under a belief that they *will* be more favorably received, than formerly, they shall have manifested more independence and literary ambition.—From Mr. HICKMAN.